JOHN BULL, AUGUST 9, 1924

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Postage in U.K. or Abroad, 1d.

JOHN BULL

Vol. XXXVI. No. 949. SATURDAY, AUGUST 9, 1924. TWOPENCE.

Mason's "O.K" the cold meat Sauce

THE LARGEST NET PAID SALES OF ANY 2d. WEEKLY PERIODICAL IN THE WORLD

Pure Food: OUR DRAMATIC MOVE

No tired, tender, aching Feet THIS Summer!

ONE DIP in the medicated and oxygenated foot bath, prepared by adding REUDEL BATH SALTRATES to plain water, THAT'S ALL YOU NEED.

Without oxygen even life itself could not exist, and the science of medicine has perfected many uses for its wonderful refreshing, healing and antiseptic properties. When sore, tender feet burn, smart, swell, and perspire, or when the arches tire and ache so every step means such pain that you fear fallen arches, just try resting the feet for a few moments in the *medicated* and *oxygenated* water produced by adding a handful of **Reudel Bath Saltrates** compound to a foot bath. See how quickly this cools and refreshes tender skin, while it draws all the pain and soreness out of aching muscles or sensitive joints. The real and lasting foot comfort is so gratifying that no one can fully appreciate such amazing effects until they are actually felt. The feet will soon be rendered so strong and healthy that they will prove capable of bearing any reasonable strain ever likely to be placed upon them.

PROMINENT USERS:

Sir Harry Lauder, Geo. Robey, Eugene Corri, A. F. (Peggy) Bettinson, Jimmy Wilde, Geo. Carpentier, Kid Lewis, Billy Wells, "Andy" Ducat, Ernest Barry, Abe Mitchell, J. B. Hobbs, Violet Loraine, Phyllis Monkman, Maidie Scott, Harry Pilcer, Yvonne Arnaud, Hetty King, Jock Mackay, Daisy Dormer, MayMoore Duprez, and hundreds of other well-known people, actors, actresses, dancers, soldiers, boxers and others, to whom sound, healthy feet are an absolute necessity, say this "saltrated" water offers the one quick, safe, convenient and never-failing means of permanently curing any form of foot misery.

Money back in full, immediately, and without a question if you are dissatisfied. Millions of packets have been sold, every one with the guarantee enclosed. Sale is increasing daily. *This means something*, and must convince even the most sceptical of its real merit.

Reudel Bath Saltrates, in convenient sizes, can be obtained from all chemists. Prices: 2/- a half-pound and 3/3 a pound.

TRADE MARK.

GRAVES

'THIRTY'

30 PIECES, 30 SHILLINGS

The World's finest Cutlery Value. Every piece warranted best quality

3/- NOW

Graves 'Thirty' Service Contains: 6 Stainless Steel Dessert Knives with Ivorygrained handles, 6 Dessert Forks, 6 Dessert Spoons, 6 Tea Spoons, 2 Table Spoons, 1 Salt Spoon, 1 Mustard Spoon (all warranted to wear white throughout) and 1 pr genuine Sheffield Shear Steel Carvers with finest Ivorette handles. Price 30/-

WE DELIVER the Graves 'Thirty' service to approved orders for 3/- now, and 3/- monthly. Money back if at all disappointed.

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE of Sheffield Cutlery and Plate, Stainless Specialities, &c., Post Free

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD

DELIVERED on first payment OF **4/6** and your promise to pay 4/6 monthly afterwards. This smart **COSTUME**

33/9 CASH

Costumes, 52/6 to 45/- Price List Free.

is Tailor-made throughout and is good a costume as any lady could wish to wear. Made in fine quality Lovat Tweed in Bluey, Browny and Old Rose mixtures. Fancy buckle to belt, exact as our illustration. Price only 37/6 on Easy Terms. Send 4/6 now with bust measure. For those who prefer a superior quality we illustrate our "Wembley" costume, a very smart design, nicely trimmed. Made in Navy, Mole, Nigger Gabardine. Price 52/6 or 6/6 deposit and 6/6 monthly. Send deposit and say which costume we shall send you. Satisfaction or deposit refunded.

MASTERS 83, Hope Stores, Rye.

PARIS PICTURE, Dept. E.B. NEUILLY PLAISANCE (S & O) FRANCE,

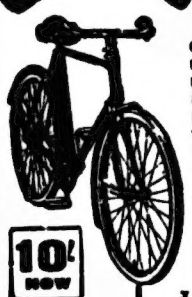
presents unique novelties in luminous pictures. Marvellous effect in daylight, luminous relief in colour when looking in the dark. Price list, particulars, samples upon receipt of remittance, 10 for 5/-, 25 for 10/-, 50 for £1. Banknotes, cheque in registered letter if possible.

Eczema. PSORIASIS, BAD LEGS, and all skin diseases completely and permanently cured by **KUREM HOME TREATMENT**

Famous over 30 years. Entirely herbal, inexpensive, yet cures when doctors and hospitals fail. Send postcard for free book, sent under plain wrapper, which tells you how to begin your own certain cure at home. J. Robinson & Sons, 11, Kurem House, Bradford.

GRAVES

WORLD'S BEST CYCLE.



10/- NOW

The highest point of **All British** engineering excellence. Warranted 10 yrs.

HANS RENOLD CHAIN; CLINCHER A-WON TYRES; DUNLOP WESTWOOD RIMS; BOWDEN BRAKES; B.S.A. FREE WHEEL; BRAMPTON'S HUBS; REYNOLD'S STEEL TUBES; WILLIAMS' CHAIN WHEEL; SPIRAL SPRING SADDLE. PRICE £7 : 10 : 0 (Ladies' Model same price)

Delivered on first paid to approved orders for 10/- with order. Balance 10/- monthly if satisfied. Money back in full if disappointed

CATALOGUE Post Free

Complete range of Models

J. G. Graves Ltd. Sheffield.

Victims of the Terrible Tempest

"JOHN BULL" the only paper to pay benefits.

ONCE again terrible storms and floods have lashed England with their fury and once again "John Bull" has come to the rescue of hundreds of its readers whose homes have been stricken.

Fire, Floods, Storm, Sickness, Accidents—calamities such as these come when least expected. Fill up the forms now—before you regret not having done so.

A few of those who receive Storm Benefits :—

BELFAST.—Mr. S. GEMMELL, 62, Montrose Street.
RESOLVEN.—Mr. A. S. EVANS, 5, Bryn Terrace, Melyncourt.
WORCESTER.—Mr. T. BURDEN, Rushwick.
WICKHAM MARKET, SUFFOLK.—Mr. J. FOLKARD, Nr. Station, Parham.
WESTBOURNE TERRACE, W. 2.—Mrs. F. JACOBS, 19, James Street.
GIPSY HILL, S.E. 19.—Mr. H. McMURRAY, 5, The Avenue.
HACKNEY WICK, E. 9.—Mrs. E. HARVEY, 405, Wick Road.
CLAPTON PARK, E. 5.—Mr. C. BOLTON, 11, Maclaren Street.
EIGHTON BANKS, Nr. GATESHEAD.—Mr. R. FOSTER, Blackims Hill Mount.
ROTHERHAM.—Mr. J. BULLEN, 19, Doncaster Road, Whinney Hill.
MIDDLESBROUGH.—Mr. W. R. LOUDON, 126, Harton Road.
MACCLESFIELD. — Mrs. H. A. SHAW, 7, Union Street.
NORTHUMBERLAND.—Mr. J. EDWARDS, 6, Avenue Road, Seaton Delaval.
MIDDLESBROUGH. — Mr. R. WHITE, 19, Lower Gosford Street.
FELLING ON TYNE.—Mrs. I. ROBINSON, 18, Wesley Terrace.
MIDDLESBROUGH.—Mr. T. E. E. COURTLEY, 38, Deepdale Avenue, Grove Hill.
NORTHUMBERLAND.—Mr. W. HERON, 6, Georges Place, Cullercoats.
NORTHUMBERLAND. — Mrs. I. BROWN, 5, Georges Place, Cullercoats.
MIDDLESBROUGH.—Mrs. E. SMITH, 36, Deepdale Avenue, Grove Hill.
PRESTON, N. SHIELDS.—Mr. A. COMB, 24, Foots Buildings.
ALCESTER, WARWICKSHIRE.—Mr. G. BURTON, Oak Villa.
IPSWICH.—Mr. E. BORLEY, 5, Barkers Square, Norwich Road.
PONTYPRIDD, GLAMORGAN.—Mr. ELLIS O. WILLIAMS, 20, Lewis Street, Trehafod.
CO. DURHAM.—Mr. G. STEVENS, 12, Rainton Buildings, Fence Houses.
BONNYRIGG, MIDLOTHIAN.—Mr. WM. WILSON, 27, Sherwood Cottages.

NEWSAGENTS' BONUS.—Bonuses in respect of the benefits paid this week have been paid to the Newsagents concerned.

HOLIDAYS.—JOHN BULL'S *Free Insurance Benefits are extended to registered readers during their stay at hotels, boarding houses or apartments, both as to accident benefits and material damage, the latter limited to £20 to cover personal belongings. Registered readers will be required to show that they purchased* JOHN BULL *when away.*

CUT HERE

POST THIS COUPON TO "JOHN BULL."

To "John Bull" Registration Department, Long Acre, London, W.C.2

I have sent an order form to my newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

Reader's Name.....Age....
in full (CAPITAL LETTERS.)

Address.....

.....

Reader's Signature.....

Name and Address of Newsagent .....

.....

Date.....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent on receipt of ½d. stamped addressed envelope.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B., 9/8/24.

CUT HERE

HAND THIS COUPON TO YOUR NEWSAGENT.

To (Name of Newsagent).....

Address.....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address.....

Date .....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B., 9/8/24.

JOHN BULL'S GREAT OFFER

JOHN BULL Pen Dept., Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Send me the "John Bull" 5/- "Empire" Pen and FREE 2/6 Wembley Souvenir Pencil. If I keep same I will remit P.O. for 5/6 (including postage and pen clip) or return in new condition within three days.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

If remittance is sent cross P.O./cheque "& Co." and make payable to "John Bull." State if fine, medium, or broad nib. J.B. 9.8.24.

To commemorate the EMPIRE EXHIBITION we will send a beautiful 2/6 WEMBLEY SOUVENIR Pencil, complete with refills and clip, and emblazoned in gold, with the Wembley Insignia, *free* to every purchaser of the "JOHN BULL" Self-Filling Empire Pen.

SEND NO MONEY

The "JOHN BULL" Empire Pen is fitted with the latest self-filling device and 14 ct. solid gold nib. Equal to Pens usually sold at 15/-. Price 5/6 including clip and postage; two years' written guarantee.

THIS COUPON BRINGS A **2/6 WEMBLEY SOUVENIR FREE!**

SMALL ADS. WORTH WATCHING

Prepaid Rate: 8s. per line averaging six words. Minimum Charge, 24s.

Address: The Advertisement Manager, "John Bull," 57-59, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

PRINTING.—10,000 Handbills or Billheads at 3/6 per 1,000. Memos, Postcards, Duplicate Books, etc. Big range of samples, 3d. postage.—Mead & Son, Room 60, Sandy, Beds.

KNITTING Machines for Profit and Pleasure. —Buy a Harrison Knitting Machine and earn a good living. Write to us before buying elsewhere. The Machines quickly pay for themselves. Lists free: 121, Upper Brook Street, Manchester; 54, Goodge Street, London, W.1.; 40-42, John Bright Street, Birmingham; 77, West Nile Street, Glasgow.

CHEAP PRINTING.—1,000 Billheads fr. 5/6. Handbills fr. 7/6. Memos, Business Cards, etc. Samp. free.—Creteway Press, 8, Buxted, Sussex.

BARGAIN SALES.

WALLPAPERS direct (non-combine), therefore cheapest, from 3½d. Write for free 1924 patt. bk. —Eclipse Wallpaper Co., Hunslet Road Leeds.

SHAVE YOURSELF! — "Wanie" Blades give clean shaves. Fit Gillette patt. 2/6 doz., posted.—Halliwell, Jeweller, Rye, Sussex.

A REALLY GOOD TRENCH-COAT (Ladies' or Gent's) for 13/6. Thompsons, The Tailors, of Charing Cross Rd., make this remarkable offer, and a full description appears in their advert. on page 4.

EDUCATIONAL INSTRUCTION.

"HOW TO BECOME A FILM ARTISTE" tells you the way it is done. Price 2/3 post free.—Picturegoer Salon, 88, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

DRESS.

REAL Harris and Shetland Homespuns, direct from makers; best quality only; patterns free. —Harris Tweed Depot, 1, James St., Stornoway.

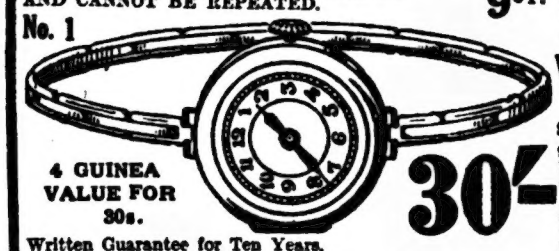
WATCH From Factory to Wearer

MANUFACTURER'S RECORD BARGAIN OFFER

Never before has such an Exceptional offer been made.
EVERY "JOHN BULL" READER SHOULD CALL OR FORWARD THEIR ORDER BY POST AT THE FIRST OPPORTUNITY. STOCKS ARE LIMITED AND CANNOT BE REPEATED.

BUY DIRECT

No. 1



4 GUINEA VALUE FOR 30s.

9CT. SOLID GOLD
(Govt. Hall Marked)
WATCH & BRACELET
COMPLETE

30/-

SPECIFICATION:—
9 carat Solid Gold Government Hall Marked Case, best Jewelled Movement Action, Finest Workmanship. Perfect Timekeeper. Fitted with 9 carat Solid Gold Expanding Bracelet, which expands to fit any size wrist. Post Free. 30/-.

Written Guarantee for Ten Years.

SOLD UNDER THE "JOHN BULL" GUARANTEE.
SATISFACTION OR MONEY RETURNED.

No. 2—GOLD FILLED HUNTER

SPECIFICATION:—
10 Jewelled Lever Movement Action, perfectly timed and tested. Extra strong highly finished Gold-filled Full Hunter case. Fitted with dust and damp proof dome as illustrated in open view. Clear White enamelled dial with second hand. An exact reproduction of a Ten Guinea Model.

10 Jewelled Lever

20/-

POST FREE

Open view showing dust and damp proof dome.

SO SURE ARE WE OF ITS ABILITY TO STAND HARD USAGE THAT WE ENCLOSE A TEN YEARS' WRITTEN GUARANTEE. POST FREE, 20s. Honestly worth 4 Guineas.

A FINE ART CATALOGUE SENT ON RECEIPT OF POSTCARD.

BETTER VALUE THAN WE OFFER IS FRANKLY IMPOSSIBLE. SEND YOUR ORDER UNDER THE "JOHN BULL" GUARANTEE AND JUDGE FOR YOURSELF WHAT YOU SAVE BY PURCHASING DIRECT FOR CASH.

DO NOT DELAY. POST YOUR ORDER TO-DAY TO:—

WATTS SON & CO.

(DEPT. J. B. 9), 327, OXFORD STREET, LONDON. W.1.

FOR SMALL TRADERS, SHOPKEEPERS.

MONEY-MAKING Bargains for Shopkeepers and beginners.—Sell manufacturers' clearing lines and travellers' samples in General Drapery much below ordinary price. Big profit certain. Wholesale Catalogue free.—Wolfson's Warehouse, 48, Thomas Street, Manchester.

A1 OFFER.—HOW TO START IN BUSINESS WITH £2.—Cheapest Wholesale Warehouse for Drapery, Hosiery, Boots and Clothing. Best House for Beginners. Send for free catalogue.—H. Marks, 51, Houndsditch, E.1.

A.B.C. Guide to Remnant and Drapery trade. How to Start. Useful hints. Worth pounds. Post free. Write to-day.—Cochrane's Warehouse, 6, Victoria Bridge, Manchester.

DRAPERY Remnants, Cut Lengths (wholesale only); list free.—H. H. Clegg (Dept. J.B.), 96, High Street, Manchester.

SELL "Superlyl" Toilet Preparations. Biggest Profits. Sample Range 2/6.—"Superlyl," 21, Linwood Rd., Handsworth, Birmingham.

DRAPERS, Makers-up, Beginners.—Wholesale List free. Remnants, Cut Lengths.—Levy's, Ltd., 30A, Commercial Road London, E.1.

LACE & EMBROIDERY, wholesale.—Torchon, Vals, Guipure, Filet, Voile, Flouncing, Longcloth. Free list and lace cuttings.—Albrit Lace Co. (Dept. J.B.), 115-6, Houndsditch, E.1.

AGENTS WANTED.

£10 PER MONTH
CAN BE ADDED TO YOUR EARNINGS by selling in spare time Men's and Women's Boots and Shoes, Men's and Women's Clothing, Drapery, Furniture, Bedsteads, Lino, Carpets, Sewing Machines, Baby Carriages, Wringers, Bicycles, China Ware, Watches, Clocks, Jewellery, etc. Grand value. Cash or easy terms. Highest commission. Liberal supply of samples. Men in regular work apply for Illustrated Catalogue and Particulars to FREEMAN'S, Contractors to H.M. Government, 103 to 107, Lavender Hill, London.

AGENTS WANTED.—Teas and Coffees. Easy Profits.—Smith and Kay, Spring Street, Bury, Lancs.

AGENTS WANTED.—Christmas Chocolate and Tobacco Clubs. Best makes. Generous Terms. No outlay. Write NOW. Parties Free.—Austin Davis, Dept. J.B., Regent St., Sheffield.

AGENTS wanted for renowned "Snowball" Christmas Cards & Calendars. £3 weekly easily made. Samples free. Highest comm., 50 per cent.—Dept. F., Minster Press, Preston.

AGENTS wanted to form Xmas Chocolate and Cigarette Clubs. Finest goods, highest cash comm. and prizes. Over 50 varieties, including liqueurs. Everything sold under guarantee of satisfaction, or money back.—Particulars free. —Shield Xmas Parcel Co., Bradford.

XMAS Chocolate Clubs.—Spare-time Agents wanted. Good remuneration. No outlay. Best makes only supplied. Particulars free.—Samuel Driver, South Market, Hunslet Lane, Leeds.

CHRISTMAS Chocolate and Cigarette Clubs. —Agents wtd. Good com., also Special Present. No outlay. Send P.C. for Price Lists, etc.—Dennis & Co. (Dept. H.), Albert Rd., Colne, Lancs.

SITUATIONS VACANT.

ALL MEN WHO ARE DISCONTENTED WITH THEIR PRESENT JOBS and want a better one at a higher salary, can learn how to get one by reading an interesting Free Book, "The Profession of Salesmanship." Write for it to-day.—The Wallace Attwood Correspondence College, 28T, Bedford Row, London, W.C.1.

ABANDON UNEMPLOYMENT. — Become a qualified Motor Driver with Official certificate for 3 guineas. Pupils introduced to positions free. Write or call, Secretary, British School of Motoring, Ltd., b, Coventry Street, Piccadilly Circus, W.1. Also apprenticeships in Automobile Engineering. Apply Chief Engineer.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES, SERVICES.

DO YOU ADVERTISE?—Your advertisement inserted in 58 Provincial or London and Suburban Newspapers, 7/10; 25 Country, 2/6. Covering Wales, 3/8. Many others. Prospectus free.—Central Press (Series Dept. 60), 190, Strand, London.

£5 to £10 weekly can be easily earned for a small outlay of 30/-. No previous experience necessary.—Write for particulars.—H. Levaine (Dept. J.B.), 143, Houndsditch, London.

BUILD up a Mail Order Business without buying stock. Scheme endorsed by authorities. Write, Noble Bros., Pelham Street, Nottingham.

IF YOU SELL MAIL ORDER and your lines appeal to the "Million," describe them in these classified columns. One regular JOHN BULL Want-Ad. user writes: "I would be sorry to manage a mail order business without it." Rate 8/- per line (about six words). Minimum charge 24/-.—For further proof of the pulling power of JOHN BULL Want Ads., or in sending an ad., address Small Advertisements Manager, JOHN BULL, 57-9, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

2/6 Weekly

is all you pay for our No. 400A Mead "Marvel"—the finest cycle ever offered on such exceptionally easy terms. Brilliantly plated, richly enamelled, lined in colours. Sent packed free carriage paid on
15 DAYS' FREE TRIAL.
Fully warranted. Money refunded if dissatisfied. Big bargains in factory soiled mounts. Tyres and accessories 33-1/3% below shop prices. Write TO-DAY for testimonials and illus. art catalogue.

lowest 400

£5 5s CASH

Mead
Cycle Company (Inc.), (Dept. B657), Birmingham.

BEDSTEADS, etc., DIRECT FROM FACTORY TO HOME. Latest designs in Metal and Wood, Bedding, Wire Mattresses, Cots, etc., also Furniture. All goods sent Carriage Paid in perfectly new condition (nothing shop-soiled). Illustrated Lists post free. Cash or instalments. Why pay retail prices?—Established 35 years.—CHARLES RILEY, Desk 16, MOOR ST., BIRMINGHAM.

NOW IS THE TIME for you to buy your new Cycle—a Hearn Cycle. Catalogue of this and other high-grade mounts free on receipt of a postcard. Send for this money-saving catalogue to-day to Hearn Cycle Co. (Dept. X.), 234, Gray's Inn Road, London, W.C.1.

FREE.—Beautifully coloured folders of latest JUNO Cycles and JUNO Baby Cars. State whether Cycle or Baby Car List required.—Address: Juno Cycle and Baby Car Co., Dept. D3, 168 and 248, Bishopsgate, London, E.C.2.

TENNIS SECRETARIES and others requiring best Rackets, special terms.—Apply, Reliance Direct Supplies, 37, Albemarle St., London, W.1.

BILLIARD TABLES.—New and second-hand; all sizes and makes. Bargain list free.—JELKS, 263-275, Holloway Road, N.7.

GUNS.—Gradual payments. Not the lowest-priced Guns, as these must obviously be made in the cheapest manner possible, but thoroughly safe, sound and reliable weapons. A credit to ourselves and a pleasure to the user. Send for list.—Thos. Wild, 17, Whittall St., Birmingham.

MUSICAL.

BOYD Pianos, world-famed for tone, touch, durability, direct from makers, on their deferred payment system.—Catalogue in colours, Boyd, Ltd. (Dept. 6), 19, Holborn, London, E.C.1.

ACCORDIONS, Jazz Instruments, Violins, Banjos, Mandolins.—Catalogue Free, Douglas, 99, King's Chmbs., South St., London, E.C.2.

GRAMOPHONES 30/6, motors 10/-; accessories, Violins, accordions, cheapest. 32-page list 2d. How to make Gramos.—Regentbull, 120, Old Street, London, E.C.1.

STAMP COLLECTING.

FOREIGN STAMPS Bought and Sold. Everything for the Collector.—C. Fox & Co., Ltd., Arcade Chmbs., S. Kensington Stn., London, S.W.7.

MEDICAL, CURATIVE.

WORMS CURED.—Artico Brand Worm Tablets are a Specialist's positive and permanent cure. They cure most violent cases by calmly destroying the very cause of the worm's existence. No fasting, no dieting, no interference with daily habits. Send 1/6 for generous supply or 1½d. stamp for Free Pamphlet.—Ridy Tablet Co., 34-38, Codnor, Derby.

PILES, SORES, & ALL SKIN DISEASES.—YROC, the Wonder Cure of an age-old Italian Monastery. Amazing results. 1/3 oz. tin proves it.—Yroc, 334, Green Lanes, London, N.4.

VARICOSE VEINS, BAD LEGS &c.; TREATMENT ON APPROVAL.—To prove that you can be permanently cured without operation, drugs, bandages, failure or relapse, we will send our NEW SCIENTIFIC TREATMENT ON TRIAL, FREE OF ALL CHARGE. Instant relief guaranteed. Expert male and female attendants.—Call, write or 'phone for full particulars of our FREE APPROVAL OFFER and Booklet "B." LE BRASSEUR SURGICAL MFG. CO., LTD. (Dept. N.P.), 26, Sackville Street, Piccadilly, London. Works: Passy, Paris, France.

STAMMERING.—I cured myself. You can cure yourself (or your child). Parties free.—Frank Hughes (J.B.), Ltd., 7, Southampton Row, W.C.1.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Medicine Remedy proved by testimonials and recommended by Editor, "Health and Efficiency." Write The Stanley Institute (J.C.), 21, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

GOITRE, Enlarged Glands, Tonsils and Tumours quickly cured without operation. Testimonial proofs and advice free.—W. Duncan, M.H., Specialist (Dept. X.), Medical Hall, 44, Broadway, Grays.

BLUSHING, Nervousness. — A remarkable book on genuine cure sent privately, 3d.—Mr. Rivers (J.B. 14), 40, Lamb's Conduit St., W.C.1.

NEW LIFE to Weak, Weary, Nervous, Ailing people. Thyroid Glandets restore Youth, Energy, Vitality, Nerve Force. Never Fail. No drugs. Trial free.—Percivals, Ltd., 67, St. Albans.

DON'T WEAR A TRUSS—use Brooks Rupture Appliance. New discovery. Wonderful! No lumpy pads, no springs, durable, cheap. Binds and draws parts together quickly. SENT ON TRIAL. Catalogue free.—Address, BROOKS APPLIANCE CO., LTD. (1763D), 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

SEND for Valuable Book, "Everyday Ailments," containing over 100 pages, explaining how to cure with Herbal Remedies. Three penny stamps for post.—Hall's Hygiene Co., Ltd., J.B., Salford, Manchester.

FITS Positively Cured.—Booklet describing genuine home-made remedy free from WHITBY & CO., WINSFORD, Cheshire.

AMAZING HAIRGROWING DISCOVERY. Proved by Nearly One Thousand Doctors. 32-Page Illustrated Book Free. So amazing has been the success of HUMAGSOLAN, the new hair food, that a special edition of its explanatory treatise has been prepared, and every reader of *John Bull* should apply at once for a free copy. It tells how Humagsolan has conquered hair troubles that have hitherto defied every form of treatment. If you have the slightest anxiety about your hair, if you are afraid of going bald, Humagsolan will put your troubles right. Success can practically be guaranteed with one month's course of treatment. Do not hesitate to apply for this wonderful free booklet. A postcard will do. No obligation is implied on your part whatsoever. WRITE TO-DAY.—HUMAGSOLAN, LTD., 718., FARADAY HOUSE, CHARING CROSS ROAD, LONDON, W.C.2.

MISCELLANEOUS.

SIXTY-FOUR PAGE BOOK about Herbs and how to use them, 2d. Send for one.—Trimnell, The Herbalist, Richmond Road, Cardiff.

DON'T spoil your evenings, still bring up Jars in clothes. "Mend-a-Tear" will see to all that in two minutes, with just a hot iron. Send 1½d. stamp for free sample.—Leicester Rubber Co., Ltd., 23, Granby Mills, Leicester.

TRY CRESTONA ICED CHOCOLATE CAKE MIXTURE—now 9½d. packets. Make a delicious cake—easy to bake. Sold by your Grocer.

CYDER.—Genuine, well matured, cheap. Ginger Beer, old-style brewed, in casks, 4½ gal. and upwards. Price and Free Sample.—S. Wright and Co., Walkern, Herts.

AN interesting free leaflet will be sent by the Secretary, the British Commercial Gas Association, 30, Grosvenor Gardens, London, S.W.1, to those readers mentioning *John Bull*. See advertisement on page 4.

ALL British Motorists should read "The Morris Owner," the new monthly motoring paper, published by Morris Motors, Ltd. Official information on getting the best results from the Morris. Profusely illustrated. Obtainable from any Morris dealer or sub-dealer. Fourpence monthly.

FREE Photographic Novelty that delighted thousands at the Ideal Home Exhibition.—Address, Dept. E., Houghtons, Ltd., High Holborn, W.C.1.

FREE.—An interesting and amusing booklet about the wonderful I.T.S. Rubber Heels will be sent to every *John Bull* reader sending a postcard to the I.T.S. Rubber Co., Ltd. (Dept. J.), 42, Gt. Russell St., London, W.C.1.

THOSE FIRST GREY HAIRS

Do not neglect them. Tatcho-tone, the one safe remedy, will bring back their original colour. 4/6 all chemists and stores. Sample bottle for test purposes will be mailed, privately packed, post free for 8d.

Tatcho-tone Co., 5 Great Queen St., London, W.C.2

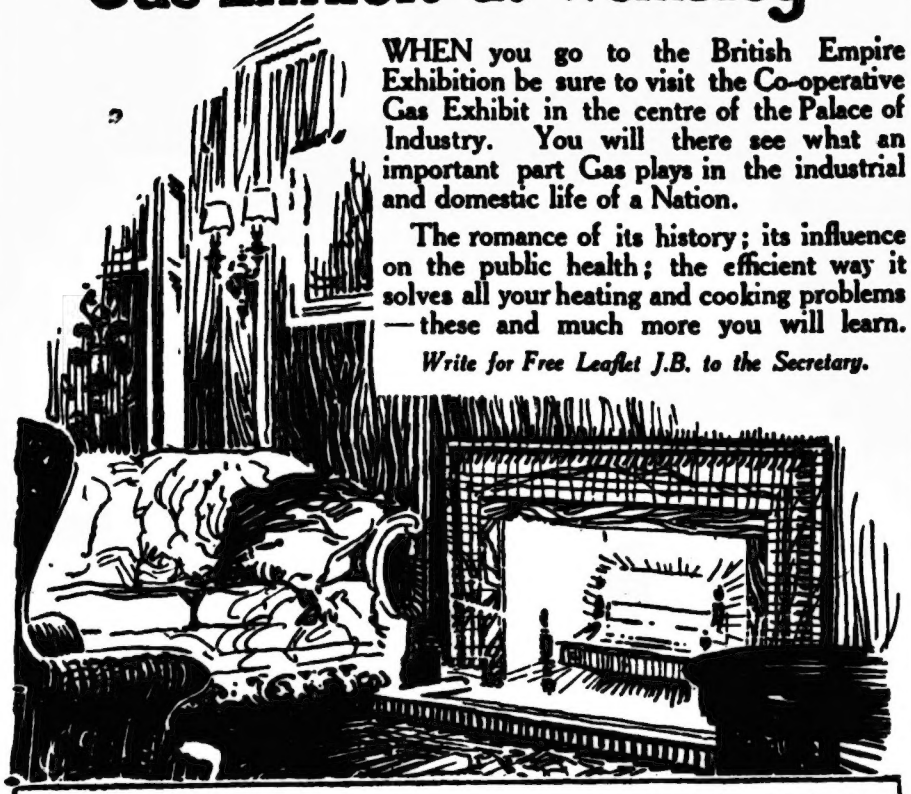
ADVERTISEMENT GUARANTEE

We guarantee the goods advertised by every firm whose trade announcement appears in JOHN BULL. *If any reader can show just cause for dissatisfaction with the purchase of any goods made through any trade advertisement in our columns we will refund the purchase money, provided the goods complained of are sent to us within one week from the date of original purchase, if such is made within one month from the date of this issue.*

This guarantee does not apply to complaints arising from advertisements of medicines, land, buildings, company prospectuses, turf commission agents, or personal service of any kind.

United for Service

Don't miss the wonderful Gas Exhibit at Wembley



WHEN you go to the British Empire Exhibition be sure to visit the Co-operative Gas Exhibit in the centre of the Palace of Industry. You will there see what an important part Gas plays in the industrial and domestic life of a Nation.

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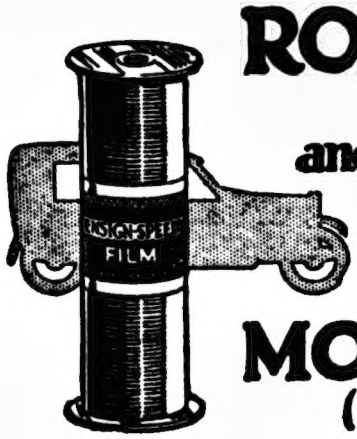

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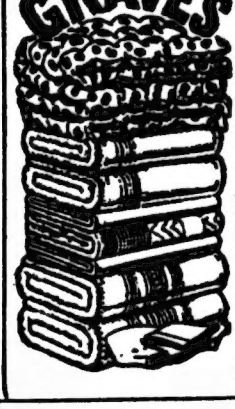

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Week ending Saturday,
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Official.

The Attorney-General was speaking for the Premier and the Cabinet when he threatened an early Dissolution. And he is the last man to speak without weighing every word.

The Lost Tribes.

Not even the prospect of an early election has served to heal the breach in the Liberal camp. Sir John Simon is the only man who could give a decisive lead, but he keeps his own counsel.

Why They Hesitate.

The comedy of Mr. Baldwin and Mr. Churchill is really quite simple. The latter wants a definite assurance that Protection is dead—which the former is unable to give.

Good for Mr. Shinwell!

Credit where it is due. Without any fuss numerous reforms have been achieved in the mines, and many more are under consideration. Mr. Shinwell has done more in five months than other Ministers did in years.

Blocking the Way.

Thirty ships, urgently wanted by Russia, could be built here at once if the necessary credits were guaranteed. But our financiers refuse to allow the unemployed to work.

Britain's Opportunity.

Unless we act quickly some other nation will do for Russia what our financial dictators refuse to do, and we shall lose huge trade orders. Let us have that loan—guaranteed by the Government.

Creating Good Will.

Despite tremendous opposition M. Herriot won his point in insisting that Germany took part in the Conference on equal terms. M. Poincaré's bluff was called—and found to be—bluff.

Blotting our Copybook.

The way the Irak Treaty was signed is as disgraceful as anything in our history. We are not wanted in Mesopotamia. Cut the losses and clear out!

Bayonet Rule.

Were it not for British bayonets, the taxpayer would soon be relieved of the burden of Palestine. Again we say "Clear out and let the Zionists solve their own problems."

Rabbits at Last.

The Government has at last produced schemes which will go a long way towards helping the unemployed—if they are allowed to be put into operation.

Sour Grapes.

If, as they allege, the other Parties all had these plans up their sleeves, why did they not operate them when they had every opportunity to do so?

The Biggest Problem.

By not including industrial disputes in the terms of reference, the Government enquiry into Trade problems is handicapped in advance. It is not too late to rectify this omission.

Let's Have that 30s.!

In the controversy over the miserable wages paid to agricultural workers there is only one argument that counts—an underpaid man is an underfed man. And an underfed man is an inefficient worker.

Too Dependent on Others.

The real moral of the 10d. loaf is that Britain ought to have much more land under wheat. Is it beyond the wit of the Minister of Agriculture to devise ways and means?

Robbing the Poor.

The Budget benefits have largely disappeared, thanks to the manipulators of the tea market. The apathy of the Government in the face of these food ramps is intolerable.

Making Them Think.

At the Home Office Conference on capital punishment there was remarkable unanimity. Our lead for its abolition was entirely justified by this gathering of experts.

Money for Nothing.

Mr. Hartshorn might turn his attention to the ridiculous regulations that prevent telegrams being delivered after certain hours. It is simply taking people's money on false pretences.

Time We Struck.

The quarrel over the American Debt Settlement ignores the essential point, which is that **our** debtors are paying nothing. How much longer is Britain to be Paymaster-General for the whole world?

It's their Funeral.

The plea for a higher Bank rate, with its results of less trade, more unemployment, and higher taxation, is being inspired by America, who is stifling under a flood of gold. Let us hear no more of it.

On the Make.

Summer coal prices this year are 3s. higher than last year. The miner is not getting the 3s. Is it the coalowner, or the coal merchant who is pocketing it?

VICTIMS OF THE TERRIBLE TEMPEST.

'JOHN BULL' PAYS MORE BENEFITS

(See page 2)

A Tragic Farce.

It took the nations of the world five years to kill 20,000,000 men at a cost of £50,000,000,000—and yet there are still those who say that war is efficient!

Sweep Away the Rubbish.

With the holiday season in full swing the passport nuisance has become an irritating impertinence. What other purpose does the system serve beyond giving employment to unnecessary officials?

Unemployed on Full Pay.

While hundreds of cases stand adjourned our judges are now enjoying a "long vacation" of ten weeks. Such an absurd system is as silly as it is unnecessary.

More Rust on the Law.

Will someone explain why a marriage that is legal if solemnised at 3 p.m. becomes illegal if performed at 3.1 p.m.? It is this sort of thing that makes us the laughing-stock of the world.

As it Should Be.

The number of magistrates who decline to accept uncorroborated police evidence of "soliciting" is steadily increasing. Such evidence should be legally inadmissible.

It Shouldn't be Illegal.

"Illegal betting continues to increase," says the Commissioner of Police. The only sane course is to realise that Britons will have their flutter and abolish the archaic Lottery Acts.

Wasting Our Money.

Why, when an expensive staff of Law Officers is maintained by the Crown, should the most expensive K.C. in practice have been briefed to prosecute Vacquier? An explanation is clearly due.

Muddled Thinking.

The *Daily Mail* wants reparations. It does not want Germany put into a position that will enable her to pay them. Lastly, it omits to supply the answer to this riddle.

Preaching Reaction.

Lord Rothermere is now putting up his prize writers to demand—under a thin disguise—a British Mussolini. But we doubt if even the B.F.s take their vapourings seriously.

"Patriotism is not Enough."

We congratulate the Office of Works in restoring these words of Edith Cavell to her statue. Their implication is a lesson all politicians could well take to heart.

The Golden Thread.

"If he isn't my brother he is someone else's," said James MacDonald, who kept as his guest the man he had thought a relation. It is a sermon for politician and layman alike.

Why Early Closing?

"Exhibits must be on view during the hours the Exhibition is opened," says No. 17 of the official regulations for Wembley. They certainly aren't. Someone must get busy.

The Right Stuff.

The spirit of all the heroes of our storied past lives in the breast of Charley Frankel, a 13-year-old lad of Westcliff-on-Sea. Although not a good swimmer, this little fellow grappled with a grown-up bather who had got into difficulties, and almost lost his own life in an effort to save his friend. That the effort failed does not dim the lustre of such a deed. Britain still breeds men.

The Bread Ramp.

At the Marylebone County Court the other day a woman told the judge that she had eight children to keep on 30s. a week, and feared that with the 4 lb. loaf at 10d. she might not be able to make ends meet. Just imagine the bitter struggle for existence revealed by this statement. Yet nothing is done to check the wicked bread ramp, which spells such cruel misery to the poorest of the poor.

Five Shillings a Week Life.

How a family of five "live" on an agricultural labourer's wage of 25s. a week is shown in detail by Col. Woodwark, M.P. for King's Lynn. The man and his wife are teetotalers, and father can't afford to smoke. Neither can they buy boots or clothes, but have to rely on harvest money and the cast-off clothing of the generous. And there are people who still wonder why farm hands leave the land for the chance of a job in the towns!

It Still Goes On.

Misery in homes, shattered lives, and horror scenes in which women largely participate are the unhappy consequences of the methylated spirit habit still prevalent in many Northern districts. Supplies are being obtained by the drinkers in cunning ways and by secret methods. Unless it is made a crime for the stuff to be sold for drinking purposes the scandal will never be ended. When will Mr. Henderson get busy?

In the Dark.

After the coroner's comments it behoves the Bakerloo to spend a few shillings a week on light at Queen's Park Station. The theory put forward at the inquest on Richard Brackley was that he became confused on leaving a lighted train for the darkness of the station and stepped on to the line. None of the twenty people on the platform saw him—it was too dark. Light means safety, and safety is more important than dividends to shareholders.

The Right to Torture.

"Why don't people leave us alone?" demanded Elizabeth Ellen Redman, a Bognor mother. She had burnt the fingers of her child Madeline, aged ten, as it was "quite within my rights to burn her fingers if she takes my food." Her crippled body saved Redman from jail, and she was fined £5. That there are in our midst such fiends who claim the "right" to torture comes as a shock. The authorities should take children out of reach of such parents.

The Cry of the Homeless.

Listen to the cry of a long-suffering North-countryman: "I pay seven shillings a week for one room ten feet square. Myself, my wife and baby have to eat, wash, sleep, and make it our sitting place. We pay the rent without a murmur." Aye, but not without a bitter sense of injustice that any land but ours would ere now have flared up into revolution. As Anatole France wrote: "Civilisation rests upon the patience of the poor."

No Milk of Kindness.

Rhynd is a little village about five miles from Perth. The few dozen native inhabitants have more than sufficient cows' milk for their own use, but they seem to be lacking in the milk of human kindness for the stranger within their gates. A reader who went to live there a year ago tells us that his wife has called on several local farmers and asked them to supply two pints of milk daily for her eight-months-old baby, but one and all have refused her request. Can the Local Authority do nothing?

Blue Fathers.

We like the big-heartedness of the Hastings police. Charlie Yarrant, aged 8, wandered from his parents, but the police found him, fed him, lodged him, amused him, and he arrived at home at Blackwater, Hants, via a chain of fairies in blue. The little episode is a credit to the police.

Grow Your Food!

We wish a swift passage to the Bill introduced by Sir Kingsley Wood to acquire land for allotment-holders, and to provide food plots in town-planning schemes. More food plots mean healthy recreation for town-dwellers and fresh food and the power to break greengrocers' ramps for the whole community. Speed the spade!

The Human Machine.

THE HOLIDAY MIND

by E. R. THOMPSON, M.A.

THIS month thousands of my readers will be having their holidays. I want them to have real holidays.

From the viewpoint of psychology a holiday is more than a mere search for pleasure and amusement: more than a relief from the routine of daily work: more than a renewal of bodily health.

A real holiday is the achievement of a completely care-free mind.

Unless you can realise that, your holiday will not do you very much good.

You go away to get a change of air, a change of scenery, a change of life.

Don't take a scrap of your everyday life with you. Forget there is such a thing as memory. Cultivate forgetfulness!

Too many people take excess luggage with them in the shape of business and home worries. Believe me they pay heavily for it.

Once you step into the train forget you ever had any work to do. Forget those unpaid bills; don't give a single thought to the worries and difficulties of the week after next.

Give politics a rest. Forget there is such a thing as a newspaper.

Most of us live too much in the future: a few live too much in the past.

Just for once live entirely in the present.

Get back to the days when you were young, when you were content to let others do the worrying for you.

Holiday time is the one time in the year when mental slackness is a virtue.

Delicate machinery is given a holiday periodically, for even steel gets tired.

Give the infinitely delicate machinery of your mind a holiday.

Just for once don't think, just BE. That is the true holiday mind.

Nobody's Darling.

James Jarvis, a lad of eighteen, presented a pitiable figure in the dock at Cardiff, dressed in clothes made for a man three times his size, to answer a charge of begging. He said he had only asked for a glass of water, and in a pathetic written statement declared that he was nobody's darling, left to tramp the world alone. This was confirmed by the Court Inspector, who stated that the boy had been discharged from Bath Industrial School and was now wandering from pillar to post with nowhere to sleep and nothing to eat. Who is responsible for this shameful tragedy of a spoilt young life?

The Right Civil Servants.

If the big-wigs of Whitehall have their way, some 15,000 men temporarily working in the Civil Service, every man jack of them an ex-soldier or sailor, will be pitched out to make room for youngsters born too late to fight. We look to the Labour heads of the Civil Service to give the ex-fighters not charity, but justice. There will be a dickens of a row if they don't!

Not Too Soon.

At long last the Ministry of Transport is taking steps to terminate the scandal which enables a blind man, a paralysed cripple, or a deaf-mute to obtain a licence to drive a motor-car. How many lives have been sacrificed to the present senseless regulations it is impossible to say. In this matter, as in so many others, our constant protests have at length borne fruit.

Not Their Business!

Help was called for when little Vera Schofield, one of a picnic party, fell into the reservoir accidentally. Her teacher tried to save her with a crutch, a young man dived into the water but failed to find the body of the poor child. Then the Oldham police came on the scene, and their reply was that they could do nothing. The reservoir, they said, was in the area of the county police. Evidently they need to be taught the elementary principles of humanity.

A "Daily Mail" "Coup."

In the same way that many newspapers came out with exclusive stories about Kate Merrick and her night clubs days after we had told her story, so last week did the *Daily Mail* unfold, in all the prominence of its main news page, the story of the Anglo-Burma Oil Ramp which was fully dealt with in these column over a fortnight before. We accept the compliment and hope that the *Daily Mail* will continue in our light.

Sequel to our Exposure.

Another interesting point. Some days after our exposure of the Anglo-Burma Oil swindle, and before that of the *Daily Mail*, Mr. Sidney Webb was tackled in the House of Commons on the particular scandal we had thus revealed, and urged to tighten up the Companies Law so that swindles of this kind can be prevented. Long have we called for such a measure. We hope the Board of Trade will introduce the necessary legislation before long.

His Majesty's Mails.

At one time His Majesty's mails were zealously speeded on their way. Fourteen mailbags from Sittingbourne and two from Sheerness were put on a London train and reached Holborn Viaduct Station. They were left in the van and departed on a rail tour of England, eventually being discovered a week later at Staveley, Nottingham. The bags contained thousands of pounds in cheques, and business was inconvenienced by the delay. It's the rail way!

Save the Hospitals.

Eight stewards of the Royal Mail Steam Packet Company have brought home £7,500 from Buenos Aires, the profit on a single State Lottery ticket. Allowing for handsome prizes, the profits on these Argentine Government "draws" go to keep up the hospitals of Buenos Aires, which are among the finest in the world. Why do we not adopt this simple method of solving our hospital problem? The gain to the sick poor would be immense.

Still trying the "Cure"!

Back to a penal prison has gone old Gwilym Griffiths, whom Mr. Justice Sankey has described as the "despair of welfare workers." Again he is living the horrors that are familiar to him, more than 58 of the 75 years he has existed having been spent behind locked doors in the soul-destroying loneliness of cells, with the eyes of warders ever upon him. A victim of a system that punishes but does not cure the criminal's disease.

End the Ramp.

It is notorious that more goods are being sold as Government Surplus than were ever turned out to Government order during the war, and in fact in some trades there is continual production of "Surplus Stocks" of cheap lines to be sold under this false description. Can the Government not step in and stop it?

At Last.

We have persistently called upon the War Office to set up a committee of inquiry into the case of Lieut. C. H. Glendinning, the young Irish officer who was branded as a lunatic by his senior officers in India. It gives us pleasure to hear that the Secretary for War has made a report on the matter, and is at present awaiting His Majesty's decision.

A Welcome Move.

In appointing a Committee to consider sexual offences against children and indicate how the Law on this important matter could be strengthened, the Home Secretary has taken a step in the right direction. Perhaps the "cat" will now have one chance of coming into its own, for all right thinking people agree that the lash should be applied to the hides of lascivious beasts who besmirch childish innocence.

Dash Dished.

Percy Dash, of the R.M.J. School of Basket Work, Sydenham, is just a little too dashing in his pursuit of riches. After two girls had worked for him for a week, he paid one 1s. 10d., and the other 1s. 8d. The girls said Percy promised them 10s. or 11s. a week. Percy protested that he told them they could earn such sums, and that they were paid on a piecework basis, but the magistrate made Percy pay the difference. Dash must try less dashing methods of money-making.

A Pound for a Signature.

A Liverpool reader, who was wounded in the war, recently found his injuries giving him trouble which incapacitated him from work, and decided to make application for a pension. Having filled in the usual forms, he asked his panel doctor to sign the necessary certificate regarding his physical condition. One would imagine that any doctor would do this free of charge or for a very small fee, but this one refused to sign unless he was first paid £1. We wonder what he did in the Great War.

The other Bury.

We hear that a recent Candid Communication intended for the Bury St. Edmunds Board of Guardians may have been taken to refer to the Poor Law officials at Bury, Lancs. It is, however, pleasing to be informed that the staff of the institution in Lancashire have a reputation for exercising exceptional care in their treatment of inmates, and we hope they may long enjoy the confidence which their record has inspired.

A Lesson for Leonard.

Fuddled with drink, Leonard Charles Burgess, a Bloomsbury merchant, drove his motor-car merrily along the wrong side of the Highgate Road, and seriously injured a young man named Clarke. Mr. Hay Halkett, the Marylebone magistrate, gave Leonard a lesson which will probably prove lasting, by sentencing him to a month's imprisonment, fining him £50, with 15 guineas costs, and suspending his licence for five years. That's the talk drunken roadhogs understand—and fear.

Tradesmen Beware!

Sentenced by the Westminster Magistrate to six months' hard labour for duping tradesmen, Edward G. Taylor, of Newington Butts, was himself but the dupe of a man still at large. Goods were ordered by telephone in the name of an apparently reputable firm, and Taylor was sent round to collect them. When he succeeded in getting the goods Taylor was paid 5s.; when unsuccessful 2s. 6d. As other dupes are working the "stunt," and the brain behind the business is still at liberty, tradesmen must be on their guard against this sort of fraud.

A Job.

As police officers do not always seem to have enough to do we suggest they might with advantage keep watch around the Employment Exchanges on "paying out" day for the touts of the bookmakers who hang around to collect from losing clients known to be drawing out-of-work pay.

A Good Example.

Our paragraphs about the firms exhibiting at Wembley who are distributing souvenir medals made in Germany have caused quite a flutter in the dovecots. There is no excuse for this German invasion. Messrs. D. & W. Gibbs, Ltd., of "Dentifrice" fame, are distributing medals as good as can be made anywhere in the world—and they are all made in this country. We commend their patriotic example to the others.

Problems of Life.

UNHAPPY HOMES

by the Rev. R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

ENGLAND is pre-eminently the land where home life is believed in and cherished, but there are signs that this national characteristic is not all it is commonly supposed to be.

We can hardly pick up a newspaper without coming upon reports of painful domestic schisms and tragedies. Perhaps these are no more numerous in proportion than they ever were, but they are certainly more conspicuous.

It is no simple matter at the best of times for a group of people of various ages and differing tastes and temperaments to live together under one roof without discord; and it is specially difficult where the prevailing conditions are such as to fray the nerves and try the temper.

The irritability that vents itself on some member of the family circle is frequently induced by outside causes.

Generally speaking no allowance is made for this, and the angry minds and sore hearts remain quite unaware of the source of the mischief.

There is less discipline and restraint than there used to be. The younger members of the family are more independent, claim a greater freedom, and exhibit less respect for parental authority than was formerly exacted. In some ways this is for the better, in others for the worse.

What is called mutual incompatibility is mostly neither more nor less than bad manners. The more familiar we are with a person the less trouble we usually take to consider his feelings.

Whatever is not love in our emotional reactions to each other is hate, and a heart full of hate is a heart full of misery.

Patience, forbearance, sympathy are the master keys of gracious human fellowship.

All-of-a-sudden Sickness.

Typhoid fever may attack the healthiest subject swiftly and without warning. On June 18, Mr. Leonard Buncall, senr., of 163, Queen Street, Swinton, Rotherham, was smitten with this dread disease, and had to be isolated. Three weeks later, Mrs. Buncall contracted the same ailment, and both husband and wife have since been confined to hospital. As Mr. Buncall is a registered reader of JOHN BULL, they each receive £5 5s. sickness benefit under our Free Insurance Gift Scheme. You may be assured of the same solace in the event of sudden sickness by signing the coupon on page 2. Do it now!

A Delayed Reconstruction.

Towards the end of the football season, John A. Ward, Ltd., of Sutton, who describe themselves as "Surrey's Leading Turf Accountants," returned stakes to many football clients with a letter of regret that owing to the reconstruction of the company they were compelled to defer payment of winnings. The concern seems to be again very busy with turf transactions. We suggest that John A. Ward, Ltd., should pay a little on account.

A Potato Swindle.

In the middle of April a Berkshire reader who is struggling hard to support himself and his family on a small holding sent £5 for eight hundredweight of seed potatoes to Horace Taylor, of Chatteris, Cambridgeshire. The potatoes have not yet been delivered, and Taylor refuses to reply to all requests for an explanation. It is a shameful thing that poor people dependent upon their crops to pay rent should be swindled in this way. Can the police do nothing?

Defaulters.

We must add to our already long list of turf commission agents who display great reluctance to pay out the firm of Wilson, King and Co., of 72, Finsbury Pavement and 4, Moorgate Chambers, E.C. We have repeatedly written to them regarding a reader's claim for winnings amounting to over £40, but they have not had the courtesy to reply. As their method is to send out circulars inviting people to open credit accounts with them, this information may save other readers their money.

Apartment Agencies.

Whitfield Baker & Co., Ltd., house and estate agents, 5B, Pall Mall, S.W., describe themselves as official agents for the British Empire Exhibition and solicit a fee of 10s. 6d. for registration of furnished accommodation. They declare that they are daily receiving large numbers of applications from visitors, yet in a month a reader who had paid their fee did not receive a single enquiry through them! If this is the best the official agents can do, what hope is there for the smaller fry who collect fees in the same way?

A German Lottery.

Certain provincial newspapers have recently contained advertisements of a "Great Gold Money-Lottery," all prizes in which are payable in German rentenmarks. It is stated that the lottery is "guaranteed by the Government of the State of Hamburg," which it may be, but there is no indication that this guarantee extends to the trustworthiness of Samuel Hecksher, senr., Dammtorstreet 14, Hamburg, who invites people in this country to send him money for tickets. We do not recommend this German gamble.

Easily Amused.

An individual named Kirby has recently taken over a mail order business formerly run by H. Bennett at 4, Crown Street, Acton, W. Writing to a customer who had asked repeatedly for the refund of 7s. 6d. forwarded to Bennett for some silk which was returned as not being according to order, Kirby says, "I have only just opened your letters, which appear to me to be of an amusing character," and encloses 7s. only, having deducted 6d. for the correspondence he declares he has been put to! Such methods are not a recommendation for further dealings with him.

The Bonus Tea Bamboozle.

Since the publication of our paragraph headed "Gone Away," relating to a bonus tea bamboozler named Bannister, who suddenly departed from Sheffield and Rotherham leaving customers in the lurch, our attention has been drawn to a tea business which is being carried on under the style of the "Olympic Supply Stores" at Joseph Street, Hunslet. Circulars name the proprietor of this concern as C. B. Bannister. Whether this is the same individual or not we do not know, but the methods employed suggest that he is no more trustworthy. Leave bonus tea alone.

Two-edged Bargains

And a warning to small tradesmen.

FOR the next twelve months a young lad named Lewis Freedman has got to behave himself

Sheltering under the name of a reputable trader, he advertised "Genuine U.S.A. Gillette blades at 2s. 10½d. dozen."

One trader in Abertillery, Mr. Francis Evans, sent £54 3s. 4d. for 500 dozen blades, and, when he sold them to his customers, a number were returned because they were dirty. Another man sent £6 10s. for 50 dozen blades, which were found to be absolutely worthless, most of them were dirty and unsaleable, and none were "genuine U.S.A. Gillette blades."

Arthur Moore, of Blackburn, sent £23 and received resharpened Canadian blades, very badly packed and quite unsaleable. His letters of complaint to Freedman were returned through the dead letter office. Other victims were in towns as far apart as Coventry, Dover, Liverpool and Stoke-on-Trent.

The last-mentioned, Mr. Albert Thos. Faulknall, sent £6 9s. 2d. for 50 dozen blades on the understanding that they were new.

When the blades arrived it was seen that they were resharpened ones. Mr. Faulknall immediately threatened to return them, whereupon Freedman wrote: "If you send the blades back, please send 6d. in stamps for postage. I am prepared to send you £2 for them."

The blades were returned, but Mr. Faulknall never received any money, his letter being returned by the Post Office. When Freedman was hauled before the magistrate he was lucky enough to get off by being bound over. May he profit by such leniency!

The Story of a Sinner

THIS is the story of a man with a past who is struggling hard to wipe it out. The odds against him are almost overwhelming, and the penalty he pays, if he loses the battle, is prison for himself and starvation for his children.

WHAT is to be done with the problem presented by Stanley Walter Elley, who is at present living at Church End, Clavering, Essex, where kindly neighbours have given him a temporary home for his wife and little ones?

Stanley is one of those unfortunate fellows whose lot seems to be in life to wage an unequal battle with fate. To some extent it is his own fault. In the past he was tempted, and he fell more than once. He has paid the full penalty for his offences, and in that way discharged his debt to the State.

But he did more than that. When the war broke out he did his bit and came out of the Army with a good character.

He has suffered very much at the hands of the police. When he came out of the Army he tried to go straight. He had behind him an encouraging record of seven years without a conviction.

Unfortunately he went wrong again, and was put in the dock for theft. He was sentenced to three years' penal servitude. He appealed against his sentence, and Mr. Justice Avory reduced it to fifteen months on the ground that so heavy a punishment had been inflicted by the Recorder because of incorrect statements by the police about Elley's past record.

Police Misstatements

That is Elley's case in a nutshell. The police are always on his track. No punishment was inflicted on the policemen who made incorrect statements about Elley when he was on trial. When the dog has been given a bad name it is apparently nobody's business to help him to recover it.

In these circumstances, the battle which a man like Elley had to fight was almost hopeless.

He tramped the streets in search of work until he was drifting steadily back into the down-and-outs. Then he committed another offence, and again paid the penalty. This time, when he came back, he resolved to put the past for ever behind him and go straight, if he could.

Without a Character

He got one or two jobs, including foreman to a manufacturing firm in the East End of London. He lost that—because the firm discovered that his past career was not what he held it out to be.

He has a wife and two little children, and he promised for their sake that he would resist temptation and keep out of trouble. But he could not get work. Piece by piece he sold up the little home he had got together. That was his sacrifice to unequal fate, and a proof of his desire to reform.

It was a useless sacrifice. The end could no longer be evaded—the workhouse for himself and his family. He became desperate. He got another job, again by a false reference.

He was gambling his liberty for his wife and family. The job he got was as chauffeur to M. Cornelius Dresselhuys, a member of the Diplomatic Service, of 9, Gloucester Square, Hyde Park.

He held the job for two days. During that time he had driven his new employer to Buckingham Palace and other places. During the same time he was also observed by detectives driving the car. They recognised him, identified the car and made prompt enquiries.

The result was that he was immediately arrested on the charge of obtaining a situation by false documents.

He was not prosecuted by his employer. Mr. Dresselhuys did not, in fact, go to the police court. Stanley appealed to the magistrates on the grounds that he had never had a chance as he was so harried by police observation.

He explained how he had pawned everything, including his wife's wedding-ring, in the struggle to go straight. The past was pulling him down. He asked again not to be sent to jail but to be given a chance.

He was not sentenced to jail. But he was fined £20—the same thing as a sentence of imprisonment, as he had not twenty pence.

He served two months, because he could not pay, and to-day he is again a free man. What is to be done with him? He has no money, no home, no character.

While he was in jail his wife was turned out of their cottage, and a friend, with the kindness of the poor to the poor, is giving them temporary shelter.

A Soul in Despair

Of course, that does not solve the problem. Neither is it the business of the State to solve it. Clearly the State must protect employers from forged references otherwise the door is open to the gravest abuses.

To Stanley Elley, and his broken-hearted wife and helpless little ones, the problem is a terrible and real and pressing one.

Is there no machinery that can help a man like this—and there are many others like him—who is being forced back into crime because society will not extend a helping hand to him?

Precocious Peggie's Past

A young girl who is unfit to be left at large.

THERE is no national quality of more intrinsic value than the purity of mind of the country's children. Every bestial man that outrages the body of a child deserves the worst punishment conceivable—what then should be meted out to those who deliberately debauch the mind of the young?

Recently we dealt with the obscenities of a book published by the Proletarian School Movement, which addressed to children facts and information calculated to sear the soul and scar the minds of every young person who read it. This publication we regarded as a "Book that should be burned." Some facts about its writer may be interesting.

This person is Margaret Dobson, who first appeared in print in the "Proletcult, a magazine for Girls and Boys," circulated among the scholars of the Proletarian Sunday Schools. At this time Margaret was just eighteen years of age, and she wrote to say she longed for the day when she should have a child. "The father would not trouble me much. The great desire is the child."

A short while later Margaret contributed to the same children's paper a series of articles which, as we have already shown, is unadulterated filth, and in which she instructs young children in moral and physical depravity, and even explains, in detail, the various forms of moral perversion.

These determined attempts to debauch the minds of the children by Margaret Dobson in "Sex Knowledge" should not, we hasten to add, be confused with Miss Norah March's "Sex Knowledge," nor with the very valuable medical work of Dr. Margaret Dobson. Now that Tom Anderson, the Communist leader, is in the hands of the police, will they also arrest the twenty-year-old writer of pestilential filth?

Night Life in Mayfair

Scenes which would make Bohemians blush with shame.

FOR some months past limousine Rolls Royces, and luxurious small cars have been rolling up after midnight to a mysterious studio flat over a garage under the very shadow of Buckingham Palace.

The studio was run by a Japanese and his wife, an English woman, who ran their profitable show in the most carefully guarded fashion.

The studio windows were closely curtained, and at night the flat appeared to be in darkness. Recently two detectives kept observation on the arrivals and departures from the studio for several nights, after which a raid followed, with the result that the Japs and the English wife of the principal are now on the high seas, on their way home.

It is not possible to detail here the unspeakable character of the entertainment provided for the degenerate habitués of this Japanese studio. Its character can be guessed when we say that the studio walls were decorated in a mad orgy of Oriental colours, like the settees set against them.

Certain mews in Mayfair are harbours for fashionable vice that leave Soho night-clubs miles behind. Converted mews, flats of five, or even three rooms are little gold mines to some of the owners.

One notorious house under very distinguished patronage runs a restaurant on the lower floor and a private hotel on the upper floors. The patrons readily pay fifteen shillings for a small grilled sole—and the same for a slice of melon, in their appreciation of the accommodation the house affords them.

The clientele of Mayfair restaurants like these are liberal tippers, so unattended cars are allowed to stand for hours until their owners emerge from the private hotels above the Mayfair restaurants. These are the houses that should be raided, but never are.

Motor Firm's Queer Ways

TO delude the unemployed with specious promises is a mean and shabby thing. It is worse to take from them their life savings and leave them defenceless to the world. This story has a moral for those who are looking for work.

THERE is no class of the public whom it is a greater duty to protect than those who have been unable since the war to find their feet and to establish themselves in the world of business.

Many of these are ex-officers and ex-soldiers who find it very difficult from lack of training to adapt themselves to existing commercial conditions.

If they have any money they are exposed to the danger of losing it all, because, in their eagerness to get employment, they give the best possible opening to the gentry who run investment-with-employment propositions.

Some time ago an advertisement was published in the *Times* which read: "Well-known manufacturing concern requires Sales Manager for Showroom. Opportunity to earn £2,000 per annum. Investment £1,000–£2,000. Write Box——"

A gentleman who had had some experience in the motor business replied to this advertisement, and found that the well-known manufacturing concern was the firm of Messrs. Grigg, Limited, which is interested in the motor-cycle and motor trade. He interviewed the managing director, Mr. Harry Grigg, who informed him that the company in the previous year had paid a 20 per cent. dividend, and he parted with £700 in return for an appointment at £400 a year and commission.

He began on the job by taking up his duties at one of the branches, where he found some colleagues who had also invested some hundreds of pounds in the concern.

He found that the business done by this branch would not more than pay the wages of one junior clerk. So he threw up the job, after some further investigations, and asked for his money back. He has been unable to get it.

We find that this firm of Grigg, Limited, has an interesting history. It was formed to take over the business of engineers and manufacturers carried on by Mr. Harry Grigg at Winchester Works, Winchester Road, St. Margaret's, Twickenham, and to deal in all sorts of things from motor-bicycles to launches, ships and aircraft.

Its nominal capital was then £10,000, apparently the majority of shares being held by Mr. Harry and Mr. Howard Grigg. After that it began a career of steadily increasing its capital, first to £15,000 and eventually to £60,000.

In the meantime it received large sums of money from various investors, most of whom also became employees. That is to say, they put their money into the concern in the hope of getting permanent employment. By the beginning of this year the amount received from investors was close on £40,000.

What was done with all this money? Branches were opened in various parts of the country and the concern set to work to earn money to pay the investor-employees.

But it is one thing to get money out of the pockets of your employees, and another thing to get it out of the pockets of customers in open and competitive markets. In this respect the firm failed dismally.

At the beginning of this year, as we say, it was still taking money from employee-investors. At this time any good business man would have seen that the concern certainly could not justify the hopes that were being held out to people who were being induced to put their money into it.

It is very hard to persuade your employees that things are going well when you cannot pay their salaries.

They had been told that their concern, hitherto a private company, was to be floated as a public company, when all ought to be well.

In other words, money was to be got from the public, which could not be expected to know much about the business, in order to retrieve the position for those who were inside the concern and tied to it by the bonds of the money they had sunk there.

Mr. Sydney Webb, President of the Board of Trade, to whom we appeal to tighten up Company Laws.

That was all very well, only the public did not bite. Instead of putting up the £80,000 they were asked to provide, they only put up a few thousand pounds. Amongst the subscribers of this sum, miserably inadequate to save the situation, were a widow, a retired solicitor, a brigadier-general, two ex-officers, and a clergyman.

Now a receiver has been appointed on behalf of the Bishopsgate Nominees, Limited, who are debenture holders in Grigg, Limited, to the extent of £15,000. We do not think there is any prospect of the shareholder-investors getting back their money.

Shut that Door!

Britain is a haven to which alien criminals fly and tarry.

MANY aliens are creeping into this country by tricking our Customs and Passport Officers. Some of them come here to stir up industrial strife; others to work in the underworld of crime.

Here are a few examples: A German revolutionary named Emil Malchow was arrested recently at a Finsbury Park Communist meeting. He landed in this country from Hamburg over a month ago and has been staying with a man named Thomas A. Jackson at Addington Mansions, Highbury Grange, London, N. Jackson deliberately harboured this dangerous German firebrand in his flat. For this grave offence he was merely fined the sum of £10.

Malchow, who had no passport, carried revolutionary propaganda printed in German, a photograph of a German fortress, and a code.

Some few months ago he took part in a series of battles with the authorities at Hamburg. When the police eventually overpowered the rebels, Malchow fled to Berlin.

He then decided to come to London. He worked his passage as a steward, and walked into England as though he were an honoured guest!

Take another case: A few days ago three Chinese were charged at Thames Police Court with running a "Pukka Poo" gaming house in Limehouse. It was a wretched den, and little English children were found on the premises participating in the gamble.

Two of the three Chinese had no passports, and had landed in this country without permission! Their offence against the Aliens Act was only discovered by the police by accident, as the men were found on the premises used for gambling when the raid took place. The Home Secretary might also look into this matter, and order the deportation of these cunning and lawless Chinamen.

Another example is that of Rudolf Melzer, a Czecho-Slovakian, who describes himself as the Shah of Persia and a "Son of the Sun." He goes about this country telling people he is 157 years old, has fourteen wives and twenty-five children. He has been in this country in defiance of the Aliens Act for months, and does not mind in the least being deported. If he is sent away he simply comes back again!

We could go on giving instances of this kind. But we have given enough to show the lax and discreditable manner in which our ports are guarded against dangerous foreign revolutionaries and alien impostors, and we call upon the Home Office to take immediate steps to tighten up our regulations and ginger up the officials.

A Plucker of Pigeons

Making a splash with anti-splash.

HAS it ever occurred to the Public Prosecutor to investigate the case of Mr. D. Tchernine, a gentleman who first saw the light of day in Russia, and came to England to grow fat on the credulity of Englishmen and women?

On more than one occasion we have criticised some of his shady ventures. But despite the fierce glow of publicity Tchernine still finds pigeons to pluck all over the country.

This rascal, who some time ago startled even the Official Receiver by the extent of his tangled financial trickery, has recently graced his features with a heavy moustache and an imperial beard. He has not, however, succeeded in altering his ways if, for his own reasons, he has been successful in altering his appearance.

Alluring Promises.

He started a concern last year called the Reliance Anti-Splash Co., Ltd., and from time to time gets his colleagues to circularise the public with offers of shares in this concern. We strongly advise our readers to ignore the alluring appeals.

They may be interested to hear how the Reliance Anti-Splash Co. actually started. Tchernine got in touch with a well-known gentleman and told him, with the plausibility that has caught so many dupes, that he could make a fortune if he put down a little cash.

This gentleman paid the money necessary to register the company at Somerset House, and soon found that Tchernine had misled him. He had not got the plant which he said was at his disposal, while even the office furniture was on the hire system.

In all, this investor lost about a thousand pounds, and several other investors in the same, and in other Tchernine concerns, have had a similarly disastrous experience.

The *Investor's Chronicle*, a Stock Exchange journal, has constantly warned its public against the preposterous propositions advanced by the Reliance Anti-Splash Co., Ltd. And in case many of our readers may be tempted to put up money without knowing that Tchernine is connected with it, we think it advisable to make that plain to them now.

A Black Record.

It is a scandal that a man with a record like Tchernine's can promote companies at Somerset House, and that there is no power to prevent him so doing, though ordinary experience suggests that his new undertakings are not likely to have a more glorious career than their predecessors.

The scandal is greater when not only JOHN BULL has asked for official action to be set on foot, but when the Official Receiver has also expressed the hope that some notice will be taken, in the proper quarter, of his fraudulent methods.

One day perhaps—who knows?—Parliament in its wisdom will set about tightening up the Company Law.

That £1,500 Look!

A JOHN BULL representative knocked at the door of No. 51, Shelton Street, Nottingham, and a pretty young woman appeared. "I am Mrs. Chamberlin," she answered his enquiry, pale with excitement. "I'll fetch Mr. Chamberlin at once."

She hurried away; but presently a tiny nose peered round the door and Miss Audrey Chamberlin, aged four, introduced herself to the JOHN BULL man. "Dad's won a lot of money," she confided shyly. "He's going to buy me a big doll, he says." At this point Dad arrived—a modest, studious-looking young man with the broadest of smiles.

Mr. B. Chamberlin.

"I had your telegram about my £1,500 *Bullets* prize last night," said Mr. Chamberlin delightedly. "It's—it's wonderful! My wife brought me the good news while I was at work and—well! I hardly knew what to say. Just think, £1,500! That would be nearly ten years of my wages. *And I earned it in half a minute!*"

"Something about myself?" he queried smilingly. "Well, there isn't much to tell. I'm twenty-eight, and I've lived in Nottingham all my life. I served in France during the War, got wounded and took up my present job as a motor-driver in 1920."

The JOHN BULL man suggested that Mr. Chamberlin's fellow-competitors might be interested to hear how he came to send in the £1,500 *Bullet*—"A Day At Wembley—Firm Pays—Pays Firm."

"It happened like this" the winner explained. "A friend of mine was often getting small *Bullets* prizes, and I had entered once or twice myself without winning anything. Then, when the £1,500 contest came along, I noticed 'A Day At Wembley' amongst the *Bullets* examples. At once I remembered seeing on a local firm's notice-board an announcement of free trips to Wembley. The phrase 'Firm Pays—Pays Firm' flashed on me in a few seconds."

"Have you made any plans for spending your £1,500?" our representative asked.

"I'm not going to spend it," returned Mr. Chamberlin promptly. "I don't believe in losing one's head over this sort of thing—I shall just go on as before. I've decided one thing—I'll be taking my wife and little girl away for a seaside holiday, the first we'll have had since we were married."

Here the JOHN BULL man left the merry young couple to their £1,500 dreams which have now come true.

Strange Society of Nude Cranks

THE crank and the faddist are always with us. The advocates of sunshine as the universal healer are outdistanced by the new revolutionaries who want to save us by leading us back to the days when wild in woods the naked savage ran.

A NEW school has arisen amongst us, which holds that clothing is the mark of the beast, and that complete nudity is the sign and seal of the higher civilisation.

The leader of this school—and also its poet—is a Captain H. H. Vincent, B.A., B.Sc., of 24, Craven Street, Strand, London, W.C.

Like Sir Herbert Barker, and the Duke of Sutherland, and other eminent people, he is a great believer in the curative value of sunlight. But he goes much further. He holds that the tailor is, as it were, the enemy of the human race. His object is to save humanity by making it go naked—back to Nature, without even a fig-leaf.

He asks:

"What is this much-vaunted Socialization,
This Frankenstein monster usurping our youth,
This hell-begat curse known as civilization?"

* * *

Civilisation v. Trousers.

The answer appears to be trousers; and Captain Vincent wants us ultimately to abandon them, and so save civilisation from itself.

He is a very serious man and one of the leading spirits of the Sun Ray Club, that ambitious organisation that is to make the world better than it found it by organising compulsory nude mixed bathing.

He aims at a Utopia, forbidden, one may suppose, to tailors and inhabited by nude rejoicing men and women:

"Come all the youth of the new generation,
Come to the star-land of singing and laughter,
Away from all scandal and public opinion
And old Mother Grundy and all her behests."

* * *

Clothed with Adjectives.

You will see that the poet has a vigorous style, if not in the best lyrical manner. He clothes his verse, at least, with plenty of adjectives:

"Far from the cheap sanctimonious humbug,
The elderly taciturn bland insincere,
The low, the deceitful, and plausible scoundrel,
The vain, the jealous, the sly and the mean." etc., etc.,

But those who cannot get away to Starland—a sort of real cloud-cuckoo land—can join the Sun Ray Club, or at least become disciples of Captain Vincent and speed the day when we shall all go stark naked about our lawful occasions.

We have had an opportunity of seeing Captain Vincent and of hearing him explain his doctrines. We hasten to add that he was fully and, if he will pardon the observation, rather smartly dressed.

He wants to start a movement that will lead us back to complete nudity. There is to be no compromise—clothing is only to be worn for protection from climate or dangerous occupations and sports.

In this climate we could go naked quite a lot—perhaps all the year round, when we get accustomed to it. That is Captain Vincent's ideal.

To begin with, it will be, he says, so good for morality. The Zulus, he argues, go naked and their standards of decency and morality are higher than ours.

That, then, is the standard. Back to the Zulus, to the naked negro panting near the line. Naked citizens going about their business, policemen, naked and unashamed, marshalling them on their way.

Captain Vincent was asked if he thought business men would go naked to their offices. He thought they would probably want pockets, but if they carried their papers in attaché cases, that would do.

It is prudishness, says the Captain, to cover up certain parts of our common human bodies because Mr. Prude says they are indecent. He says that the Almighty has not labelled any part of us indecent, and he asks by what right does man presume to criticise the work of the Almighty.

When there is no mystery, says the Captain, there is no imagination to stimulate curiosity.

* * *

Cold Comfort.

There we leave it. Captain Vincent is, of course, entitled to his theories. Public opinion—and our climate—are rather against him. Switzerland is happier, and he has some photographs of nude enthusiasts—men and women—dancing there.

One more quotation from his verse. If we understood, he says

"No longer would we tolerate this curse
Of morbid covering mysterious
That by suggestion breeds that greater curse,
The sex perversions of modernity."

The poet is ill-informed if he believes that sex perversion was unknown to the ancient world. But that is a side issue in the new "philosophy of clothes."

A Funny School Marm

Whose sense of humour is developed on talkative little children.

MISS EMILY CHRISTABEL HOWE, the head mistress of the Church of England Infant's School at Brentwood, Essex, seems to have a peculiar sense of humour.

She has declared that she thinks it funny, for instance, to seal up children's lips with gummed labels if they show a disposition to be somewhat talkative during lesson hours. She has even asserted that the children regard this extraordinary method of punishment as fun, but in this we feel sure she is sadly mistaken, for we have never yet met the child that could see anything funny in having its mouth closed by such means, or by any other method, for that matter.

Perhaps it is likewise this strange woman's sense of humour that prompts her to punish children if they happen to mistake their right feet from their left during a drill lesson, though the little ones' tears which flow freely as a result of this treatment are more likely to be those of pain rather than of laughter.

Recently this school marm was summoned by the parent of a little boy of five for assault. The tiny tot had run home in great distress and shown his mother marks on his leg. The mother took him to the mistress and asked her to account for these marks, but Miss Howe's sense of humour seemed to be taking a holiday at the moment, for she rudely slammed the door in the mother's face.

The mother promptly took the child to the police station, and an Inspector stated in evidence that when shown to him the little boy had two distinct weals about three inches long on the back of his right thigh. Miss Howe seemed to think that the child cried with laughter after the chastisement which she administered, for she said that later he went out to play with the other pupils.

The school marm did not think it funny when another parent, who complained of an assault on her seven-year-old son, visited the school and slapped her face, but we will warrant that any of the children who witnessed this unexpected retribution chuckled with glee.

The Brentwood Bench dismissed the case against Miss Howe as they thought there was an element of doubt as to whether the punishment was excessive. We suggest that the Essex Education Committee should set all doubts at rest by inviting a mistress with so strange a sense of humour as Emily Christabel to take an indefinite holiday.

ARE MURDER TRIALS FAIR?

In this article Mr. Edgar Wallace, the brilliant writer on criminology, points to what he regards as a grave flaw in our criminal procedure. The State attaches the highest importance to fair play in murder trials. It should take the argument presented here with skill into careful consideration

by EDGAR WALLACE

IT is impossible that any murderer, or man or woman charged with murder in this country can enjoy a fair trial. That statement is one that I feel sure will receive the endorsement of every judge and every eminent counsel engaged in the defence of people charged with the capital offence.

Our judges are the fairest and the most humane in the world, and although from time to time there are appeals based on "misdirection," this ground is more or less technical, and men like Sir Henry Curtis Bennett and Sir Edward Marshall Hall, who raise such points in the Court of Criminal Appeal, which is the place to which most murderers go to learn the date of their execution, do not believe for one moment that their clients have been maliciously or unfairly treated by the judge.

Lord Hewart, Lord Chief Justice.

These great lawyers are usually handling last straws which they can scarcely hope will float their clients to safety or rescue them from the hangman's rope.

The Danger of Publicity.

THE unfairness of the murder trial is neither determined by the judges nor approved by them. They are as much victims of a system as are the unfortunate wretches who stand in the dock.

The theory of trial by jury is one about which much could be written both favourably and unfavourably. I can sum up my own view by saying that if I were a guilty man, I should prefer a jury, and if I were innocent I should wish to be tried by a judge without a jury. The law is, however, that guilty or innocent, a man charged with an indictable offence must face a jury. If his offence is a comparatively minor one, the jury come into the case ignorant of the charge, and the evidence which will be brought against him.

The case of an insignificant burglar or swindler does not excite very much attention in the police court. His commital for trial is dismissed in a line, even if it is mentioned at all in the newspapers, and the jury go into the box with a perfectly open mind on the subject, and in a percentage of cases the man so charged is found "not guilty" and acquitted. The state of mind in which the jury present themselves for such a trial is an ideal psychological condition of mentality.

Secrecy with the Lid Off.

WHEN murder is the charge, this condition is assumed by the law, and every precaution is taken to prevent the minds of jurymen being influenced, or their views prejudiced. They are kept under the care of an officer of the court; they are not allowed to mingle with their fellows; they may not even receive private letters save by permission of the judge, lest the poison of "influence" be conveyed wittingly or unwittingly. They may not read newspapers for the same reason. They sleep under the jealous eye of the law, and when they take their recreation, it must be in some lonely spot beyond all danger of meeting the informed public.

What a farce and pretence! The judge knows, the counsel on both sides know, the very prisoner knows, that all these elaborate precautions that keep the mind of the jury untainted by prejudice is so much humbug. *Under our present system the jury goes into the court so completely acquainted with every fact in the case that they can learn nothing new!*

Condemned before their Trial.

THE jury that tried Armstrong had discussed the case before they were even called for jury service. In the extraordinary interview which was published with a juryman after the verdict, that fact was very clearly established.

The fate of Bywaters and Mrs. Thompson was decided before the jury was empanelled—the woman was condemned at every tea-table, and, to say that the jury did not go into court already convinced of the woman's guilt, is to say that they had no knowledge of all the circumstances.

I quote the Thompson and Armstrong murders because they illustrate my contention in the most illuminating fashion. *The jury went into court in both cases with a very complete knowledge of all the details of the crime, and with their minds biased against the prisoner at the bar by reason of their knowledge.*

How came they to know? The answer is that in all cases that come before the supreme criminal tribunals the evidence of witnesses in the lower court is public property.

Overstepping Bounds of Decency.

IN the case of a murder, and particularly a sensational murder, there has been a full report of the inquest, and full reports of the police court proceedings. Every particular of the crime has been discussed. Newspapers that enjoy circulations that reach every home have devoted their columns to the crime, and by the time the last act of the sordid drama is staged, public opinion is "set."

Mr. Justice Avory who tried Mahon

And the damnable thing is that in the lower courts evidence is admitted, which, if it is barred in the higher court, does its part in laying up against the accused a mass of suspicion and hate which cannot fail to produce its reactions on the minds of the jury. The Hay bench allowed evidence that so far from being a respectable member of society, Armstrong suffered from syphilis!

I think Sir Henry Curtis Bennett will agree with me when I say that that phase of the Armstrong enquiry was a disgrace to the bench. More than this, we know that there are certain coroners—I have one London coroner particularly in my mind—who ply witnesses with questions which have nothing whatever to do with the cause of death, and are either designed to show what a smart fellow this coroner is, or else are due to his own morbid curiosity. The more sensational the evidence thus elicited, the more publicity the case secures the more surely bias runs against the accused man.

Mr. Edgar Wallace, the well-known novelist and criminologist.

Our Mediæval Procedure.

IN the interest of justice, when a man is in custody on a murder charge, all the proceedings in the lower courts (coroners and magistrates) should be held *in camera*. That is the only possible way by which the present method of trial for murder can be obviated.

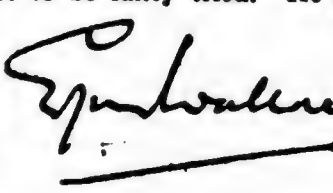
Our present system of legal procedure was intended, or at any rate, took its present shape before the coming of popular education, and before modern newspaper organisations and news services ensured that every man and woman in this island were able to read at breakfast the fullest accounts of yesterday's happenings the night before.

And I believe that these same newspapers which benefit through increased circulation by the reports of preliminary hearings, would offer no objection, and, indeed, would support an amendment to the law which had the effect of suppressing published accounts of preliminary proceedings where a man's or a woman's life was at stake.

When Fairness is Impossible.

MRS. THOMPSON was condemned before she went into the dock at the Old Bailey—condemned by the letters she wrote, and which were used against her in the magistrate's court, and broadcast throughout the country, long before she ever came to trial.

I repeat that unless the evidence given in the coroner's and the magistrate's courts is given *in camera*, and that they are enquiries from which the public and the Press are excluded, no murderer can possibly expect to be fairly tried. He goes before twelve men who, with the best intentions in the world, have subconsciously decided his guilt or innocence.



Candid Communications

(Outspoken Messages to Celebrities, Notorieties and Occasionally Nonentities)

To the Rt. Hon. J. RAMSAY MACDONALD, M.P.

DEAR PRIME MINISTER,—Accept my congratulations upon the refusal of the Moray Golf Club to elect you to membership. Admitted to this coterie of narrow-minded folk you would have been about as happy as a linnet in a cage. I hope you are not as cross over the trumpery episode as some of your friends appear to be. There are few things more flattering than the contempt of fools.

JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. PHILIP SNOWDEN, M.P., Chancellor of the Exchequer.

SIR,—You might perform an appropriate and congenial duty, as Master and Warden of the Royal Mint, by turning your attention to the unsatisfactory conditions of employment of the temporary staff at your coining establishment on Tower Hill. Most of them receive only £2 8s. 8d. a week, which cannot be considered reasonable for men engaged in handling silver bullion and doing the same work as the permanent staff who are paid up to £7 a week. Their complaints have received scant consideration, and I think their grievances should be further investigated by you.

JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN, M.P., House of Commons.

DEAR SIR,—The country will take due note of the fact that you are still hankering after a new Coalition. Believe me that is the last thing the country wants. Coalitions are without form and void. They satisfy no one; they do nothing. If your Party is not within reasonable prospect of power it is merely because it has not given earnest of any solid grasp of the people's needs. When the election comes votes will be given no longer for Party or Party parrot cries, but for men who have practical solutions ready for the social diseases that are crying for remedy.

JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. STEPHEN WALSH, M.P., Minister for War.

SIR,—It is a queer sight to see a Labour Minister proposing to set aside the judgment of the Courts and use compulsory powers to acquire Lulworth Cove in the teeth of the country's opinion! That you personally are innocent I have little doubt. It is your bureaucratic permanent officials who are persuading you to this high-handed action. I look to you to have the courage to stand up to them, and inform them that this country is not prepared to suffer a military dictatorship.

JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. ARTHUR HENDERSON, M.P., Home Secretary.

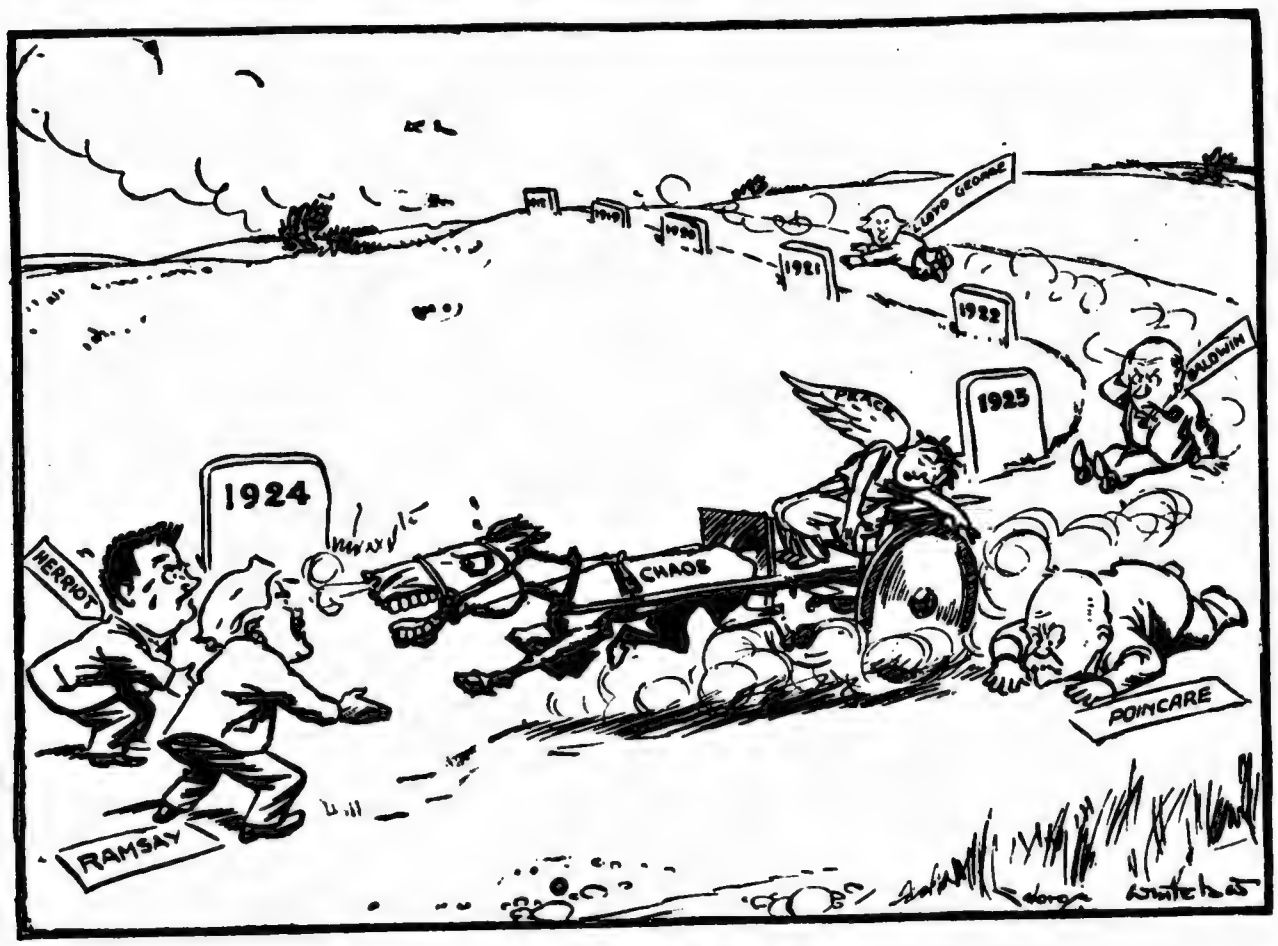
SIR,—I regret to read that 134,783 experiments on live animals were carried out last year. Is this necessary? Must thousands of poor dumb creatures be cut and carved about like this? I do not notice any sign of a decrease in this inhuman procedure, as the figures quoted above are 36,920 in excess of the number of experiments in the previous year. But if this vivisection must go on will you see that an anæsthetic is administered. Last year this was done in only 10,055 cases. You'll have the R.S.P.C.A. after you. And quite right too.

JOHN BULL.

To Sir PATRICK HASTINGS, K.C., M.P., Attorney-General.

DEAR SIR PATRICK,—I am glad you have at last spoken plainly on behalf of the Government to the profiteers who are holding up housing. In blunt terms you warn these gentry that if building materials are not forthcoming the Government will seize the factories and themselves supply the nation's needs. There is no possibility of misunderstanding this stern ultimatum. Some may call it Socialism. It strikes me as solid good sense. But remember, words without action are futile.

JOHN BULL.



"THE RUNAWAY."

To the Rt. Hon. NOEL BUXTON, M.P., Minister of Agriculture.

SIR,—It is something to have an Agricultural Wages Bill passed through the House of Commons, but I am afraid you have spoilt the ship for the sake of a hap'orth of tar. The Bill ought to have contained a bedrock minimum of 30s. weekly, below which no local Wages Board should be allowed to fix farm labourers' wages. Because this was suggested by the Liberals it was opposed by the Labour Party more out of pique than principle. Such short-sighted blunders are apt to bring their own retribution.

JOHN BULL.

To Canon MEYRICK, Actors' Church Union.

REV. SIR,—I like the note of deep human sympathy which pervades your utterances as "Chaplain to the Stage." By common consent you are doing a splendid work in providing hospitality for actors and actresses on tour and protecting the less fortunate among them from the hazards of the profession. As you say, folk are too apt to forget "the great homeless army that plays to them, dances to them, sings to them." Your reminder is timely and just.

JOHN BULL.

To Dr. M. H. TAYLOR, Coroner, Kingston.

SIR,—When a poor ex-soldier, named John Harris, was giving evidence at the inquest before you on his three months' old child, you listened with commendable sympathy to his pitiful story. He served four years in the Army, was wounded, has no pension, and is living with his wife in a caravan which was formerly a prison van. "And this is the land fit for heroes!" you commented. I hope your criticism of the dreadful housing shortage, with its torments and tragedies for the poor and helpless and homeless, will reach the ears of those legislators who seem to be muddling through, as usual.

JOHN BULL.

To W. H. Nichols, Thrawl Street, Whitechapel.

MEAN THIEF,—For the fourth time you have been convicted for obtaining charitable contributions by false pretences. You have been given several chances in the past, and I hope the sentence of two months' hard labour passed upon you will make you a more honest man. Your only resentment with the law over your conviction can be based on the fact that other impostors are at large. Many of them have been exposed in our columns. Your sentence should act as a lesson to them—and to you.

JOHN BULL.

To Mr. GEORGE CLYNE, Merchant, Banff.

SIR,—You have been found guilty of the appalling crime of selling a loaf of bread to a soldier, after eight o'clock on Sunday night—and mulcted by the local bench of twenty-five shillings. You see, the law is that soldiers must not be hungry on Sunday nights. I congratulate you on breaking it. The old women statutes and regulations should be swept away. Man cannot live by bread alone, but even a soldier cannot do without it.

JOHN BULL.

To RICHARD R. HILL, Boston, Lincolnshire.

DESPICABLE BRUTE,—You beat a dog—the best friend of man—to a cruel death, by smashing it with a hammer. The magistrates did not take it out of your wretched hide with a whip—they let you off with a month's hard labour. I regret that they spared you some of the physical suffering you did not spare a poor dumb animal. To call you a swine is to be unfair to harmless and more humane creatures than you.

JOHN BULL.

Without Fear or Favour

PURE FOOD: OUR DRAMATIC MOVE

THE scandal of contaminated food is one which we have exposed for the last twelve months. Over and over again we have called for official action, but in vain. We have now completed our own scheme for fighting the evil and it is one that marks a new epoch in British journalism

THIS article deals with the most essential element in the life of man—Food. It will repay the perusal of every man who respects his stomach—and what Englishman does not?—and of every woman who prizes the health of her children. None can afford to neglect our warnings.

Nearly a year has elapsed since JOHN BULL declared war on the food poisoners, showing that through Government apathy and neglect almost all the common foodstuffs were exposed to vile adulteration, and pointing out the dangers arising from the use of preservatives as a cloak for putrefaction.

Our disclosures created a profound sensation and two important consequences immediately followed.

Responding to our lead practically every newspaper in the country took up the cry, eagerly claiming to share in the Pure Food Crusade. The Government, stung into some show of activity, appointed a Committee of Experts to enquire and report upon the whole question of food adulteration.

Facts from the Test Tube

At the same time Dr. Fenton, Medical Officer of Health for the Borough of Kensington, resolved to test our statements by the light of scientific analysis. Systematically this gentleman purchased specimens of the foodstuffs mentioned in our articles and had them scientifically examined at his well-equipped laboratory. The results of his searching test have already been placed before our readers. In every single case Dr. Fenton found the foodstuffs in question adulterated and polluted in a manner "dangerous to the public health."

With this damning evidence in our possession, we declared the matter urgent and six weeks ago called upon the Government to produce the long-delayed report of the Committee of Enquiry. Dr. Fenton was a witness before the Committee, his evidence having been taken as long ago as last November.

The result of his analyses alone should have caused the Minister of Health to propose immediate legislation for the protection of the public from the risk of poison. Yet month has followed month and nothing has been done. What is the explanation of this amazing neglect? There are several possibilities.

Lesson for the Government

The Government, perhaps, are aware of the truth but will not publish it for fear of alarming the public mind; or the Ministry of Health has not taken the trouble to acquaint itself with the terrible findings of the Committee of Experts; or the Government are aware of the findings of the Committee, but do not consider the matter of sufficient importance to justify prompt publication and immediate action.

On any one of these three counts Ministers stand convicted of culpable neglect. Such triflers are unfit to govern.

JOHN BULL is not content to emulate their disgraceful inactivity. We have a plan which we propose to put into almost immediate operation. The public must and shall be protected against the wiles of the food poisoners. A popular newspaper to whose advertisement columns food purveyors seek access can by the adoption of certain fixed rules, based on public policy, do much to retrieve the consequences of Government indifference. It shall not be our fault if the plague of food pollution is not stayed.

Science to the Rescue

Here, then, is our scheme. It represents a novel and, we believe, an entirely wholesome departure in modern journalism. JOHN BULL has engaged the services of one of the most eminent analytical chemists in London, who, with the aid of a competent staff of laboratory experts, will under the supervision of this journal make a scientific analysis of leading foodstuffs and other commodities whose quality affects the public health.

Mr. Wheatley who, as Health Minister, will welcome our new scheme for purifying food.

Tinned foods, drugs and cosmetics, margarine and butter, meat, fish and eggs, preserved fruits and tobacco will have to run the gauntlet of test-tube and microscope. With a highly-trained analytical expert at its head, we mean to establish a People's Food Bureau. The right to knowledge of the real ingredients of the commodities they are asked to consume is part of the people's "right to truth" which JOHN BULL claims to voice and defend.

Check to Impure Products

Such an analysis as we propose will obviously cover an extremely wide field. That the tests will be highly interesting goes without saying, but that is not enough. We mean also to make them effective. If commodities do not pass the tests of purity laid down, we will not advertise them. We feel sure that reputable firms will welcome our scheme as a step in the direction in which they are working, and one which means the ultimate elimination of the competition of undesirables.

Protecting the Consumer

Only commodities which have successfully passed the laboratory test of cleanliness and purity will be recommended to readers under our guaranteed advertisement scheme. Moreover, accepted advertisements will be marked in a special manner, easily recognisable as the hall-mark of purity. Thus will consumers be enabled to distinguish at a glance between the pure and the impure, the fair and the foul.

The scheme we are thus putting into operation is one which any wide-awake Government would have adopted long ago. Any Ministry of Health worth its proud name would unflinchingly recognise its duty to safeguard the consumer against the risk of deadly contagion.

Never did the medical profession attach such importance to a wholesome and untainted food supply. Never was this vital need so shamefully neglected by the Government of the day. It has been left to JOHN BULL to lead the way.

Look Out for the Symbol

A week or two must necessarily elapse before we are in a position to publish the results of our first analyses, but there will be no avoidable delay. In a little while from now the seal of our approval, based upon unexceptionable scientific tests, will be everywhere recognised as an indispensable criterion of genuine food value. Automatically this scheme will divide the sheep from the goats—the honest caterer from the swindling adulterator whom we regard as a criminal.

Watch our advertisement columns for the special mark of merit, the little symbol that soon will be recognised everywhere as the one and only hall-mark of purity.

Vaquier—and British Justice

The task of the Home Secretary in reviewing cases of murder is an unenviable one, but the difficulties of his position are intensified by recent occurrences

BEFORE these lines appear it is possible that the Home Secretary will have made some final pronouncement respecting the fate of Vaquier. If the Frenchman is doomed, there will be little consolation for him in the reflection that his appeal for the intervention of M. Herriot was a bad error of judgment.

It was, indeed, a most unfortunate step for which it is to be hoped Vaquier himself, and not his French legal adviser, was responsible.

Up to the time of M. Herriot's intervention the verdict in the Vaquier trial was not altogether a popular one. No one doubted that he had been tried with scrupulous fairness and convicted upon a wealth of circumstantial evidence, but there was general sympathy with him as a foreigner condemned by alien justice, and whatever compassion the fate of the murdered hotel-keeper may have excited, there was singularly little sympathy with Mrs. Jones.

It is, therefore, the more regrettable that the ill-considered intervention of the French Prime Minister should have placed the Home Secretary in the embarrassing position of having either to harden his heart or to bow in appearance at any rate to foreign intervention.

It is earnestly to be hoped that M. Herriot's ill-starred action is not to be regarded as a precedent, and that the barrier which in this country divides politics from law will stand erect and firm for many a day.

Mr. J. H. Thomas, whose attention is called to a grave scandal.

Three Penn'orth o' Bones

by A GENTLEMAN WITH A DUSTER

(Author of "The Mirrors of Downing Street," etc.)

"THE day is coming," writes our contributor, "when the British Empire will suddenly burst upon the consciousness of our democracy as a reality. At the moment a parish pump prevents us from seeing a mountain." Our politicians haggle about the welfare of foreigners while our own people suffer in silence.

FROM Nottingham comes a letter which shows very simply and graphically how dangerous is the present condition of things, and how extremely stupid are those who rule over us.

The writer is a workman of thirty-three years, married, and the father of three children. He writes a good schoolboy hand, knows the value of punctuation, and expresses himself in reasonable English. Ever since February, 1921, this respectable father of a family has been lining up for the dole. That year has a particular interest for me. It was in 1921 that I foretold a long spell of trade depression, saying that unemployment would continue on a gigantic scale for at least four or five years. It was in 1921, while my articles were appearing, that Mr. Lloyd George went down to the House of Commons and stated he had private, but excellent, reasons for believing that we were approaching a great boom in trade!

EVER since those days, when I was so constantly reproached for pessimism, I have watched with increasing sympathy the sufferings of the unemployed, and with increasing contempt the misleading and deluding optimism of politicians and publicists. A well-known economist, whom I have long regarded as an emotionalist almost incapable of forming a rational judgment, is even now telling excited and delighted audiences that the long slump is nearing an end, and that soon every mill and workshop in the country will be clangorous with employment.

In the meantime my Nottingham correspondent is still lining up for the dole. He tells me that, with the exception of bones at threepence a time, his family of five people has not tasted meat for several months. They support themselves chiefly on bread and margarine. He says that if he were offered a navvy's job he could not hope to last at it for two days. He pays 7s. a week rent, and there is seldom a Saturday when the family can boast of threepence in the house.

SUCH has been the life of a decent British workman ever since February, 1921. No professional optimism on the part of politicians and writers has helped him to feed his children or to fight his sick despair. He is fed up with life. He indulges in bitter sentiments about lords with thousands a year. Why should he and his children starve while these others fare sumptuously every day?

Do not condemn him for a foolish sentimentalist till you yourself have looked on the luxury of others while starvation is gnawing at your own vitals. It is not natural, let me assure you, for a healthy mind to occupy an unhealthy body. To understand the laws of political economy a man must have food in his stomach, and perhaps a spare shilling in his pocket.

My correspondent is no mere grumbler. He has walked twenty miles in quest of work, and has spent two shillings a week on advertising for many months. In vain. Fed up with life, he has tried to break away from it, as he knows it here in England, and sought to find a new life for himself and his family in worlds across the sea. What has been the result of these efforts on the part of a self-respecting man to support himself and his family by honest work? He heard that he could get "free and assisted" passages to Australia. He made application for these "free and assisted" passages. "What do you think," he writes, "they wanted of me? £27! They might have asked for £27,000 and done with it." He feels like a rat in a trap. There are scores of thousands of such men in England at this moment.

HE makes a suggestion. Let the Government provide free passages for all decent people willing to clear out of England and properly qualified to earn their own living in younger lands; let the Government do that, he says, and hundreds would go to-morrow.

Now, surely here is as simple and as wise a solution of some of our difficulties as anyone could suggest. It is a natural solution. If a man out of work in Oldham hears that he can get a job in Manchester he does not stay grousing in Oldham but sets off to Manchester. It is only the longer journey, from Nottingham to Australia, that prevents my correspondent from doing what the Oldham man would do. It is a question of money. But the country has paid him money ever since February, 1921, for doing nothing at all, and money only just enough to keep him alive; he has been degenerating as a wealth-creator ever since 1921. He has been a dead loss to the country and a burden to those still in work. Obviously, it would pay the country to give him a lump sum and send him to another corner of the Commonwealth.

Can anyone give me a good reason why no statesman has adopted this obvious remedy for unemployment? At the moment our Government is excessively occupied with the affairs of France, Germany, Egypt, Mexico, Brazil, Russia and Ireland; but Mr. J. H. Thomas is in touch with Australia and Canada, deals with our kinsmen, knows that these young countries are absurdly underpopulated, and must surely feel for the sufferings of men, like my Nottingham correspondent, who have been out of work and under-nourished ever since 1921.

Nothing astonishes me more in a certain school of Englishmen than their enthusiasm for foreign nations, and their deadness to the vast countries of the British Empire. According to these people our prosperity depends entirely on alien peoples; until these alien peoples embrace and love one another my Nottingham correspondent must eat bread and margarine, with an occasional threepenny bone to excite his interest in Internationalism.

IN the meantime, as the problem presses on the stomachs of our own folk, let us concentrate on our own possessions and our own people. Charity begins at home. We cannot hope to get the mote out of Europe's eye till we have removed the beam from our own eye. All our affairs are in a higgledy-piggledy chaos. Let us straighten them out. Let Mr. MacDonald, by all means, go on trying to pacify Europe, if it amuses him, but let Jim Thomas do something sane and simple for the British Empire.

Aren't You

Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet
Lest we forget, lest we forget.—KIPLING.

TEN years ago we went to war. For what? Thousands of our bravest and best were killed, thousands maimed for life. Young wives were widowed, children orphaned, thousands of prosperous little homes broken up—all for what? When one looks back on the fine speeches and promises that were made when the conflict raged, and surveys the condition of the people to-day, one may well marvel, with little Peterkin, "What good came of it at last?"

The war was to make the world safe for democracy. It was to make this country fit for heroes to live in. It was to found a new Jerusalem where all men should dwell together in peace, content, and mutual helpfulness. From war's wreckage an industrial Utopia was to arise wherein Capital and Labour were to dig the soil and enjoy the fruits together.

Instead of which thousands of men who gave up good jobs to volunteer in the war have never had any work since; thousands are unable to find homes to live in; and whilst over a million workers are unemployed, the building of houses, which is the most urgent national necessity, is held up by a constant succession of inexplicable strikes and lock-outs and a scarcity of labour!

Ten years ago we boasted that the war had made an end of class distinctions. The men of the working class had learned to admire the pluck and sacrifice of their aristocratic comrades in the trenches, and the latter had come to realise the sterling gifts of the common men whom they had been privileged to lead.

Sir Archibald Sul... who will be interes... "Daily's" com...

I mind me of a day nearly ten years ago when, in company with a very distinguished and fashionable lady, I met the train of the *grands blesses* at the Gare du Nord in Paris. As the crippled or disfigured wretches were led or carried into the waiting-room, hysterical screams of recognition broke from the crowd of wives, mothers, daughters, and sweethearts waiting behind the barrier. Then came meetings and embraces, scenes of a poignancy of anguish beyond expression, sights that turned words to choking sobs.

My companion looked on with tearful eyes and with drawn face, incapable of speech. When we came away she spoke. "Mon Dieu!" she said, "how shameful now seems our old fashionable life of wasteful folly and idle luxury. It is a comfort in this agony to know that that bad

All Men Are Liars

by A. G. GARDINER

TRUTH is like a will-o'-the-wisp. We chase it from one end of the earth to the other, apparently with little success. Truth is oft-times very unpleasant; lies much more comforting. And so we go on, living in an age of deceit. For what?

A CORRESPONDENT writes to me setting me a difficult task. He wants me to expose "The Conspiracy to Hide the Truth." He looks round this troubled world and finds that the evil it suffers from is the suppression of the truth in all the departments and the affairs of life. He thinks that if only the public knew the truth it would receive it gladly and act on it, and that the problems that perplex us would be solved off-hand.

But the public does not get the truth. It gets it neither from the politicians, nor the preachers, nor the journalists, nor the business men. It is fed with adulterated facts, as it is fed with adulterated food, with half truths and thumping lies and frank appeals to passion, and in its bewilderment it stumbles along in the dark from one blunder to another. Why can't we escape from this network of falsification? he asks. Why can't we get at the plain truth of things in a plain world?

IT is a very old question. Pilate asked it two thousand years ago, and others asked it before him, and men will go on asking it for ever. I think my correspondent's initial mistake is in supposing that truth is a very plain thing—a sort of diamond, hard, glittering and isolated, that lies about for anyone to pick up who chooses. It is not that. It is rather a metal, like gold, that you have to dig and mine for in the midst of an enormous stratum of worthless rock.

Truth is never quite simple. It is many-sided—made up of many facts which often seem to conflict with one another. Ruskin said he never felt that he had explained the truth of a thing until he had contradicted himself half a dozen times. One fact may flatly deny another fact, and yet together they may form a complete truth, just as the different colours of the spectroscope are resolved into one ray of pure light. If you get hold of one fact you may form one conclusion; if you get hold of another you may form an opposite conclusion.

TAKE the tragedy of Othello and Desdemona. The fact that Othello possessed was that Cassio had got Desdemona's handkerchief. On that fact he built up his theory that she was in love with Cassio. The only fact that Desdemona had got was that she could not find the handkerchief, that she had not given it away and that she must have lost it. Neither knew that Iago had stolen the handkerchief in order that Cassio and Desdemona should be suspect. Hence the tragedy. Each had fragments of the facts, but neither had all the facts that made up the truth. The facts were true as far as they went, but separate they lied.

And so with the public. If it listens to Lord Rothermere it will get one set of facts. If it listens to the *Daily Herald* it will get another, entirely opposite in the impression they create. Both sets of facts may be accurate and each may be false without the other. If I were the Duke of Northumberland and had half a dozen castles and great estates I should be equipped with a very different set of facts than I should have if I had been born in a one-room tenement in Glasgow and had lived in a slum all my life.

If I had been born a German instead of an Englishman, I should have an entirely different view of the causes of the war from that I hold. I see one group of facts, the German sees another. Where is the truth? What is the truth? I may be sincerely convinced that I have got it; but then the German may be

A. G. G., whose fearless comments are not always palatable.

sincerely convinced that he has got it, and in the light of abstract truth my conviction is worth no more than his. There is a good deal of just criticism of Mr. MacDonald in regard to the wide disparity between his strong words out of office and his acts in office. I do not think it necessarily means that he is dishonest. It may only mean that in office he sees the truth from other angles and relates one set of facts to another.

NO, the truth is not a glittering diamond ready to hand. It has to be sought for and extracted from the mass of half truths and untruths and rubbish in which it is buried.

And, then, if there is a "conspiracy to hide the truth," I am not sure we are not all in it. I am not sure that we love the truth for its own sake. The truth is often a very blinding and unpleasant thing. It does not speak smooth and comfortable words to us. It is indifferent to our feelings, our opinions and our prejudices. It takes no side, but gives its decrees impartially all round.

Lies are much more considerate. They tell us just what suits our self-interest and our prejudice. They play up to our passions and fool us to the top of our bent. If we want to think a thing is so, they give us the selected facts that prove it is so and suppress the facts that would make us angry or uncomfortable by proving that it was not so.

Let us be candid with ourselves. Do we want the truth? Did we want unpleasant truths told to us during the war? We did not. The man who told us unpleasant truths was regarded as an enemy and treated as such. It is true that the churches here as well as in Germany did not tell the truth. But would they not have been closed if they had?

As for the newspapers, those which hid the truth, published the falsehood the public wanted to hear and concealed the facts the public did not want to hear, had a roaring time. So with the public men. The way to popularity was to stoke the public passion with falsehoods, not to inform its mind with truth that was unpalatable.

SO it is to-day. We cannot get peace because no one will face the truth. It is easier to keep in office by giving the public the illusions it wants. It is more profitable for a newspaper to dope its readers with their favourite fictions than to give them the cold douche of realities. It is wrong of the politicians, and it is wrong of the newspapers.

But we are all in the "conspiracy." We like the agreeable lies and we have no right to complain because we get them. When we have got the passion for truth we shall get peace. Then the world will mend. But not till then.

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ou Ashamed?

by ALEXANDER M. THOMPSON ("Dangle")

old world of heartless selfishness is shattered and dead for evermore."

That was ten years ago. And "evermore," though a fine word, could not be expected to wear as long as that. Thus it comes to pass that Bond Street and Park Lane, the Avenue de l'Opera and the Parc Monceau, have quite recovered from their war sickness, and shine as brilliantly as ever. I met my distinguished and fashionable friend last week in a London hotel, her aristocratic features beautifully done up, her exquisite gown illuminated with shining stones of price. And in the street outside an ex-officer played an organ for coppers.

chibald Salvidge, ll be interested in gle's" comments.

Last week—ten years after the beginning of the war—Sir Archibald Salvidge, leader of the Liverpool Conservatives, proposed that the local City Council should "find employment for one hundred disabled ex-Service men for a period not exceeding twelve months." "We are doing this," Sir Archibald kindly explained, "because we can no longer stand by and see these men suffer. . . . I hope every municipality in the country will do it and put the Imperial Parliament to shame." This is 1924. The war started in 1914. The Liverpool City Council began to sit up and take notice last week. But even now, though on munificence bent, it retains a frugal mind. The broken tools of glory are not to be taken on wholesale, but only one hundred of them, and only "for a period not exceeding twelve months." This thrifty limitation of numbers and prudent limit on what we used to call "the duration" reveal a nice concern for the ratepayers' pockets which happily checks Liverpool's tardy disposition to philanthropic extravagance.

But, if I remember rightly, the men who volunteered "for the duration" in 1914 did not stipulate that their sacrifice should be limited to "a period not exceeding twelve months." They gave all, without stint or condition, to save the lives and the property of us others who stayed at home.

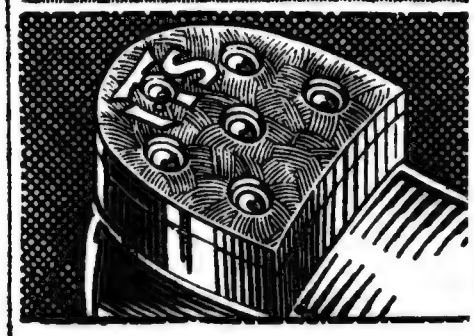
Better late than never. Better that one city should be stirred to remembrance than none at all. But what a commentary is this belated speech of Sir Archibald's on the beautiful professions of ten years ago! Ten years ago they were "thin red lines of 'eroes." Now, as usual, "it's Tommy this, and Tommy that, but Tommy go away"—until next time.

SOUTH AFRICA FOR THE RETIRED.

People of leisure, with incomes from pensions or investments, are turning to the Dominions in the hope that to live comfortably within their means may be easier there than in Britain, and more contenting than under a foreign flag.

How far that expectation is likely to be realised depends, of course, on the locality selected and the requirements of the individual. The case for urban residence in the Union of South Africa is now being presented. It consists of a reasoned analysis of conditions and costs in twenty typical towns. It will enable the enquirer to judge.

Write for "Residential Booklet FX." It is free. Obtainable from the Publicity Agent, Office of the High Commissioner for the Union of South Africa, Trafalgar Square, W.C.2.



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CONCAVE-CONVEX I.T.S. RUBBER HEELS

The Sentence of the Court

Mayfair Monkey Tricks

Cars that Scorch in the Night

by HARRISON OWEN

WITH the gesture of a tragedy queen spurning the base proposals of a stage villain, Viola Tree, described as an actress and Bright Young Person, pleaded "Not guilty" to a charge of using insulting language.

"I do not know," began Mr. Watchdog, K.C. "whether the jury have heard of the 'Society of Bright Young People,' but I must confess that I was unaware of its existence until one of its members, the Hon. Lois Sturt, was dealt with for driving her motor-car at a dangerous speed (stated to be 51 miles an hour) and not stopping when ordered to do so. Miss Sturt at the time was engaged in one of the 'treasure hunts' organised by the Bright Young People. A sum of money is concealed and clues are supplied to the treasure-hunters who, in the dead of night, dash about the streets of London in motor-cars, searching for the 'treasure.' With people disturbed by klaxon horns and the exploding of high-powered cars, this tomfoolery became distinctly unpopular.

"The offence with which the accused is charged," continued counsel, "was committed in an interview she gave a newspaper. It had been suggested that 'if bright young people from Streatham Hill or Golders Green made a nuisance and a public danger of themselves, the law would give them short shrift,' and to this, Miss Tree, with a hauteur which would have seemed a little ridiculous in a French *grande dame* of pre-Revolution days and must appear more so in a present-day actress, replied: 'If this sort of person went treasure-hunting there might be an annoyance, because such people would not know how to behave,' but the members of her set were 'all ladies and gentlemen.'

"If any members of the jury chance to live in semi-civilised districts like Streatham Hill and Golders Green, they may be content to smile at the imputation that they are not gentlemen and their wives are not ladies; but other residents of these places, whose sense of humour has been killed by their barbarous surroundings take a different view of such gratuitously insulting language, and it is on their behalf I ask that an example be made of this possibly 'bright,' but unquestionably misguided young person."

MR. STRAWSPLITTER said that a great deal of unnecessary fuss had been made about these midnight treasure hunts, which, as Miss Tree had said, were not only "splendid fun," but were definitely "educational." In the excitement of the chase the hunters might occasionally be guilty of furious driving, but, as every sportsman on the jury would agree, a game from which every element of danger was excluded would not be worth playing.

A thoroughly unsportsmanlike jury found the accused "Guilty."

"Unfortunately," remarked Mr. Justice Bull, "the risks in this nonsensical game are taken, not by the players, but by deplorably unfashionable citizens whose share in the 'splendid fun' is liable to consist of being maimed by a juggernaut driven by a Juggins. As for the words used by the prisoner, I can only regret that a daughter of so famous a wit as the late Beerbohm Tree is not able to reply to reasonable criticism in a less crudely insulting manner. The sentence of the Court is that this Bright Young Person shall be denied access to limelight, the pictorial Press and other mediums of publicity for 365 days (including Sundays) and nights (including 'first nights')."

Saints and Sinners

David—and Goliath Too!

Self-made—and no "bounce"

by HESKETH PEARSON

POSSIBLY the finest example in our political and industrial world of a man who has got on in life by sheer hard work and dogged perseverance is Sir David Shackleton. A pretty fair sprinkling of our public men, as every sensible person knows, can be more truthfully described as infamous than famous. Their success has been gained by self-boosting and all the arts of licensed quackery.

But Sir David has risen in the world by virtue of sterling qualities. He's entirely a self-made man, though he has none of the bounce and assurance of such. Nor, indeed, does he appear to be particularly proud of the fact. He never indulges that peculiar form of success-snobbery which likes to remind other people that they haven't been quite so successful.

IT was a little habit of Napoleon's to tell some king he had just conquered that a few years ago, he, the Great Emperor, was an artillery lieutenant. You can imagine how the toes of those conquered kings must have tingled! In the same way I once heard a famous man fling the remark across the dinner-table that as a boy he used to sell papers to most of his fellow-diners. Most disconcerting!

The manner in which Sir David conveys to the world that he is a self-made man is instructive. He simply goes on making himself. In other words, he still works so hard that he can't waste any time explaining to people how hard he has worked.

In the last half-century he has learned several trades, but he has never picked up the tricks of any. His achievement is the result of straightforward endeavour.

Though only sixty-one years of age, he has served on more Royal Commissions, Trade Union Congresses and industrial associations than any man living. And when the tumult and the shouting of the noisier folk have subsided, the commissioners and delegates have frequently fallen back on the steady reasoning and deeply considered advice of Sir David Shackleton.

The feeling between employers and employed in the present building dispute was from the outset so bitter that everyone felt that he was the only man who could be depended upon to handle it with the requisite tact and patience. Being above Party, he is trusted by them all.

HE received his education at an elementary school, and from the time he left it up to the age of twenty-nine he was a cotton operative. Then, after being secretary of two Weavers' Associations, he captured a Lancashire seat in the Labour interest and remained in the House for eight years. But his bent was elsewhere and the rest of his life has been given over to endless committees and countless conferences.

"I really believe," said Asquith on one occasion, "that Shackleton is never so happy as when he is listening to 'the minutes of the last meeting'!"

MAKING YOUR HAIR STAND ON END

Whenever science makes some discovery, such as poison gas, which alters the outlook of humanity, ill-informed and timid people raise the cry that science is the enemy. The scientist is entitled to claim that he has also been humanity's friend, and promises even better gifts for the future

by E. E. FOURNIER d'ALBE, D.Sc., F.Inst.P.

HAS science, from being the servant of man, become an untamed monster, threatening its masters with destruction? Have we lost control of it as of a runaway engine? Where will the present race of scientific discovery and invention end? *Will it end in the final crash of civilisation?*

In the first place it ought to be understood that the present fears are not confined to the present age. Ever since the workings of science have been harnessed to the needs of man, unthinking people have looked aghast and dreaded the worst. In fact, it is not so many hundreds of years ago when the pursuit of science was looked upon as a display of unholy curiosity concerning forbidden things and was accordingly discouraged by those in spiritual authority.

NOW, however, the case is reversed: Science, from being a danger to its devotees, has become a formidable power in the hands of its adepts.

For proof of the sinister aspect of science we are shown its war-like uses. These wicked scientists, we are assured, are more concerned with the study of dangerous microbes which can be cultivated and sent out in millions to poison our food and drink than with the discovery of healing virtues. Further, there are fantastic claims of the discovery of a "Death Ray" capable of annihilating armies at a distance of several miles. What an inhuman monster Science is!

But I seek to prove the reverse. Wars are not made by science. The fighting instinct is bred in man as it is in all living things. In prehistoric days to live was to fight; in these days to fight is to live.

PEOPLE are at times faced with the alternatives of premature death by fighting or the subjugation of their spirits and the starvation of their children. When they choose the former, that is war. But it has nothing to do with science. Unless it is the science of political economy.

So long as that evil choice is thrown in the face of mankind just so long will there be war. No science, no invention, will "make war impossible." War will not stop by merely making it terrible. A war stops when one of the belligerents is sufficiently disabled or terrified to regard surrender as more desirable than a hopeless continuation of the struggle.

That being so, the more quickly it can be brought about the less (on the whole) will be the suffering inflicted on all belligerents. If any scientific measure can be enlisted to bring this about science is to be regarded as a benefactor rather than a malevolent influence.

THE horrors of the last war were the result, we are repeatedly told, of the application of science and invention to the practice of warfare. And, for proof, we are referred to the flame-throwers, gas shells, tanks, liquid fire and other modern weapons. My reply is that these inventions did not make war more horrible by lengthening warfare, but less horrible by shortening it. If these inventions had not been used the war would have lasted longer because the limit of endurance would have been reached more slowly—but the amount of damage and destruction would have been greater.

And as to the next war, we are told that it will be concentrated horror, thanks to the scientist, chemist and inventor—entire populations will be wiped out; great cities like London, Paris, or New York, will be utterly destroyed in a night, with all their inhabitants.

My reply is: First; has it never occurred to the unthinking critic that science may have a card up its sleeve with which to trump the ace of the horrors of the military machine? *What of the possibility of a scientific preparation which will put all lethal weapons out of action and so make it impossible for men to kill men?*

IN the Bible it is stated that the allotted span of a man's life is threescore years and ten; but the actuarial expert will tell you that the percentage of people who attain the age of seventy is very low. Now the scientist can claim, and rightly claim, that within the last century, *twelve years have been added to the normal span of human life in civilised communities by the reduction of infectious diseases.*

All of us wish to see the people whose company we enjoy; or see the places whose haunts hold pleasurable associations. Everything, therefore, that makes this easier for us adds to our enjoyment of life; thanks to the application of scientific principles to locomotion and aeronautics, transport facilities have made communication easy; geographical spaces have been reduced and distance annihilated.

The mind, as the body, needs variety in its food. Pity the poor workman who knows nothing but the unalterable invariable routine of sleep, eat, work; sleep, eat, work. Pity the toil-stained, tired-eyed mother whose day is one long round of monotony and whose sleep is the nightmare of a wearied mind. But, even to the lowliest and poorest, science has brought change, variety, adventure and romance by the kinema and wireless broadcasting.

There is a sense, I know, in which it is true that science is destructive, just as there is a sense in which it is inhuman. Science will destroy the man, the empire, and the civilisation whose mind is moth-eaten, whose methods are futile and obsolete and whose ideas are outworn. But that kind of destruction is constructively destructive.

THE scientific minds of the past have proved their destructivism—the ideas and writings of Voltaire and Rousseau produced the French Revolution; those of Marx produced Bolshevism; those of Keir Hardie produced the present Government!

And I can conceive other scientific movements that will give existence a shake-up. As the late William Booth once said: "You can't improve the future without disturbing the present." Such a disturbance would result, for instance, if a method for the direct utilisation of sunlight were discovered. This would certainly improve the future; it would, equally, certainly, disturb the present: coal would become superfluous and the centres of industry would be shifted from the Black Country to the tropics, which have already been made habitable by a scientific discovery of the microbes of malaria and sleeping sickness.

Or let me give another illustration of the disturbing effect that science can have on life. Eminent scientists are devoting much time, skill and research to the question of heredity. It is quite within the bounds of reason as within the realm of possibility for the laws governing heredity to be discovered. This would mean that the mental and moral character of future generations could be determined and controlled. It would also mean that our laws and customs relating to marriage and family life would have to be profoundly modified. But who would deny that such iconoclastic changes might be beneficial to the future of the race?

IN addition to the mental and physical uses of science it has its economic function. While men wrangle in Parliament about wages, working hours, tariffs and all the rest of the high-sounding vocabulary that falls so glibly from the lips of the politician, there are physicists, chemists and bacteriologists conducting researches which may make both Free Trade and Tariff Reform as obsolete as the Feudal System.

Mr. Fournier d'Albe

These scientists may, at any moment, confront Governments, trusts, trade federations and labour organisations with accomplished facts before which they must all bow and which reduce all their theories and arguments to foolishness.

For instance, much good ink and better blood have been spilled in an attempt to disarm Germany. But while we are taking her revolver from its holster her men of science are ransacking every realm of Nature in a new form of weapon capable of defying all our present armaments. In matters military, in matters economic, in matters social, mental and physical *science has the last word.*

AND I have said that science, in a certain and well-defined sense, is inhuman. Its devotees, by virtue of their calling, have to care little or nothing about the final effect of their discoveries upon the life of the community. Their sole object is the advancement of knowledge. Their duty to humanity is to increase humanity's stock of knowledge: it is not their business to dictate to humanity how it shall use the knowledge with which they supply it.

In this detachment from the ultimate uses of the powers with which they invest humanity, scientists may seem inhuman. But the level of humanitarianism among men of science is not, on the whole, lower than in any other class. The average scientist feels that his function is to fight the enemies of the human race, to relieve the ills of humanity, so that the blind may see, the deaf hear, the lame walk and every child born of woman may have a reasonable chance of a long and happy life.

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Human Documents

Problems that may be yours are dealt with by "Humanist." In every case the name and address of the writer are suppressed so that the authors may not be identified. Correspondents must send stamped addressed envelopes if they wish to be answered through the post, in cases that are too intimate or are not of sufficient interest to be helpful to others. Ten shillings is sent to each of the writers of the letters printed on this page.

Love She Lost

"I AM an unfortunate woman whose one slip in married life resulted in divorce, for the regrettable incident became the common knowledge of all our acquaintances and my husband was driven to seek remedy in the courts.

"The other man in the case was really little interested in me, except as a toy, and my suggestion of marriage was treated with contempt. For two years, therefore, I have lived my life of remorseful loneliness, away from the two children I adore, and without the man whom I now know I should always have respected and stood by.

"He has not married again, but on the other hand has kept me away from the children, and once actually turned me away from his home. Frequently I walk round there unknown, watch them all at a distance, and long for the old happy days of earlier times.

"My unhappy misery is tempting me to go to this man again, and to implore him on my knees to take me back and forgive my foolishness. But I dread his refusal and contempt and fear the ordeal of having to leave for ever my boy and girl whom I feel I cannot live without. What do you advise? Should I try to win back the place I so lightly lost?"

"Humanist" says: *Yes. See him at once and ask him to let the dead past bury its dead. He may forgive you for the sake of the children and comfort you for your own. Most men are very forgiving, where the offender is really sorry for the pain caused.*

Everything for the Best

MY sister, aged 23, and myself are orphans, and have lived with an Aunt and Uncle for sixteen years. Unfortunately the little general shop which Uncle keeps does not pay, and my sister and I have to contribute very largely towards the upkeep of the family, which consists of three boys and a girl. Thus I am unable to save towards the realisation of a dream long cherished.

"While at school I was taught to play the violin, and Aunt was told that I showed great promise. She did her best, but the continual expense of illness in our little family eventually put a stop to my lessons. I have tried to teach myself new pieces and also play by ear, but people say that I shall spoil my knowledge of music by doing that.

"When I speak of my wishes, Aunt says "Yes, dear, it's a shame you cannot carry on, but perhaps it's all for the best."

"Now my idea is this. I want to make a name for myself and eventually have a house built for Aunt and Uncle. This may be difficult to realise, but I feel it is an honourable ambition, at least.

"I happen to know of a genuine touring concert party, who pay very fairly—in fact I have been asked to join them. According to Aunt and Uncle, these kind of people are 'the Devil's Own.' If I went with them I could live cheaper and *save*, but If I *do* go with them, I cannot support the home.

"I'm in a fix. What would you do, if you *knew* you could make good with the aid of lessons? Would it satisfy you to be told that 'everything will come right one day,' that poverty such as ours is 'by God's will'; that 'many are far worse off.' That is what Uncle says—and so he is just content to just live on and make no effort."

"Humanist" says: *Carry on. I don't think the illness of others will continually bar your way. Nor do I think much of the touring party as a training ground for a violinist, my experience being that they are risky affairs. The boys ought soon to provide for themselves; and you owe something to the people who brought you up.*

Father or Lover?

"MY father, now 67 years of age, is experiencing great trouble through a tragic decline in the prosperity of his business, and has been rapidly losing money for the last two years, so that it appears almost certain that he will be ruined in the near future.

"My fiancé, to whom I have been engaged for five years, is a young engineer who, by dint of careful saving from his earnings and by my own assistance has put by £1,000 to start our wedded life, which was to begin in August next.

"The possibility of bankruptcy which, at his advanced age, my father could never hope to redeem, has tempted him to paint his business prospects in glowing colours in order to induce my future husband to lend him this money, and he has given him no inkling of his present precarious position.

"I have remonstrated with him, and pointed out his duplicity, but he replies by saying that the money would enable him to recoup his losses and bring in profits. I am sure, however, that the chances of this happening are almost negligible, but you can guess what an awful predicament I am in. I want to give my old dad any opportunity I can, but I do not want to let down my lover and myself."

"Humanist" says: *Tell your fiance your views. Let him decide whether he will finance your father with your money and his, or would rather help him if difficulties arise. Don't deceive the man you are going to marry.*

Her Friend

"MY daughter, who attends a secondary school, is suspected of having taken a set of compasses. She is very friendly with a girl whom she believes is the culprit and, to shield her, bears all the accusations without justifying herself.

"This girl has won the scholarship for a free entrance to the school. Her parents are in a very bad financial position and look forward to the time when their daughter will secure the position which her headmistress has promised her after she has passed certain exams, and so earn a good salary.

"My daughter is very unhappy about this matter, and cannot bear the disgrace. Do you think I ought to see the headmistress and clear my daughter's name—which would mean that her friend's scholarship would be forfeited and the expectations of her poor parents would be dashed to the ground?

"I know my daughter will never forgive me if I do this, but I want to do everything for the best. Or, I could place my daughter in another school and hope that the matter will soon be forgotten."

"Humanist" says: *Your daughter is suspect wrongly, and that cloud will pass away. Her friend may be suspect wrongly also. You talk of clearing your daughter's name by accusing her friend—transferring the cruel suspicion from a better-off to a worse-off. Don't do it. It is the head-mistress's business to find the thief, not yours.*

A Sinner in Secret

"A COLLEAGUE of mine is a whiskey fiend. He has so far managed to hide the fact from the manager, but unfortunately many of the juniors know and I am sorry to say I even suspect my colleague of bribing some of the juniors to buy the stuff for him.

"As soon as I got an inkling of what was going on, I taxed my colleague with it, and eventually he confessed that my suspicions were true. At the same time, he begged me to keep silent.

"I made him promise to keep off the drink and he has kept the promise until lately. Now I suspect he has started drinking again—though I can't catch him at it and he denies it flatly. The deuce of the matter is, the fellow is so cunning. Otherwise he is a jolly good sort—and one doesn't like to give a pal away."

"Humanist" says: *It is not your business to punish your colleague—but the manager's, if and when this colleague neglects his duty. At present you have only suspicions to go on—so that you have less justification than ever. Help to strengthen him, not to undermine him.*

The Persistent Borrower.

"A man who says he is a police-constable calls occasionally at my suburban public-house—I am a widow—and usually borrows five shillings or half-a-crown from me."

Refuse to lend it to him and send me his name. I will find out if he is what he purports to be, which I doubt.

His Secret Preparation.

"I have invented a substitute for meat-juice, but am unable to put it on the market owing to lack of capital. Is is safe to hand it over to a limited company for production, or should I keep its secret preparation unrevealed?"

Yes, but get shares in the company in return for the secret. Unrevealed it is of no use to you.

Tool of the Crooks.

"A friend of mine is working for a firm of long firm frauds. He admits he is making good money—through their dishonesty. He is bound to go to jail in the end. If I tell the police can I save him?"

If he tells the police himself, and if he is only indirectly responsible, they will get the real culprits. Otherwise he does not deserve to be saved.

The Menaced Position.

"My assistant, in a drapery house, is trying to undermine my position, by coming early and staying late, and doing work that is not his. If I rebuke him, I appear jealous and not acting in the interests of the house. If not, I may lose my priority."

Work hard, and maintain your position. Competition is very severe, but hard and intelligent work rarely fails in the long run to get its reward. Hold your own.

The Foolish Wife.

"My wife, the best of women, is going about with a married woman living apart from her husband; and they are both spending too much money. I know my wife's financial resources and she is greatly outspending them."

Ask her where she gets the money. If it is from her woman friend, tell her that you object, and she must stop it. As she is a good woman, you ought not to have any further trouble in the matter.

A Public Duty.

"After taking a meal in a teashop my sister, a strong girl, was taken ill with symptoms of ptomaine poisoning. She will not complain, because her fiancé is in the audit department of the firm."

It is her duty to others to write a strong letter of complaint. If not, the firm cannot take the matter up and find out who is to blame. There are too many cases of this kind lately.

An Insolent Cad.

"The life of a waitress is not very easy. I must give up my work soon as I am about to become a mother. The father holds a good position in the catering trade but he denies that it was he who betrayed me. He speaks badly of waitresses."

Another case of the woman pays. I presume you mean that he will not marry you. You are not missing much, though it is hard on the unborn child. Some day, one hopes, the law will deal with such cads.

Profiteer or Robber?

"I am a widow, living in a little country cottage. I have a very fine grape vine, and the local greengrocer has offered to take all fruit from me at 1s. per pound. When passing his shop this afternoon I noted that he was selling my grapes at 3s. 6d. per pound. Can I refuse to let him have any more? I would rather let them rot than encourage his shameless profiteering."

If you have to sell the grapes, demand a higher price, and if he refuses send me his name. If you can afford it, give the grapes to the local hospital.

Words Winged to Women

Living in Hell

by MABEL HORNER

I WRITE of trouble. There is a muttering of public opinion, which, unless it is speedily backed by concerted, public-spirited action, may break out into something worse.

Let the women who exist in Calderbank Square, a mining quarter just beyond Glasgow, speak for themselves.

"We live here," writes one, "because we simply cannot afford to pay higher rents. But oh! it's heartbreaking work."

Mrs. Reginald McKenna, who has the Housing problem at heart

Yes, it is heartbreaking work. And soul-destroying, body-stunting work as well.

Two rooms together form tenements in which there is neither water nor sink or light laid on. Rooms? They are not deserving of the name. They are hovels. They would not bear comparison with the barns in which a decent farmer houses cattle. But in them whole families, numbering anything up to a dozen souls, contrive to live. Two or three huts in the open square provide at least one hundred men, women, and children with the only sanitary convenience there is. These huts do not connect with any sewer. There is an open cesspool. The filth is indescribable. The women, despairing, say, "It is unbearable."

AND yet, because they must, they fight on, striving to keep themselves and their belongings clean. Pots, pans, and brasses shine. It is heroic, but it brings a catch into the throat. For, when everything is on the side of the angels, in a properly sanitary and well-equipped home, what a task confronts the housewife with a family of youngsters to keep healthy and clean!

When the Black Plague swept this country, rich and poor alike dreaded the first appearance of a plague spot. Very tiny it might be at first, but it pointed to the hidden infection. None ignored signs merely because at the moment they themselves might be untouched. The word was enough. The plague was deadly, and must be stamped out.

Calderbank Square is such a plague spot full of virus. Let it be cleansed and decent housing given to its inhabitants before the infection spreads.

Picture the death-beds—for indeed death is no unknown visitor to Calderbank Square—and see how the squalid misery robs the last sad scenes of that dignity which is the right of grief to claim for its own.

Calderbank Square, and all its like must go. And, naturally, those who insist on such reforms, will be asked "*How?*"

I can tell you what some women in London have done. They were aghast at the horrible housing conditions that existed in some of the little back courts adjoining one of the finest West End squares.

THEY formed themselves into a Committee. They went over the district inch by inch and mapped out its worst spots. Pressure was brought to bear upon local authorities. Plans for reconstruction and improvement were set on foot. The work is proceeding. It is not yet finished nor can anyone prophesy where it will end.

What interests us is that it would not yet be begun—the condition of the worst-housed tenants would still be bereft of hope—but for women, public-spirited women in happier circumstances who saw the local plague spot and recognised the deadly nature of its virus.

What has been done can be done again. Nothing is impossible to women of public spirit when they really set to work and use their wealth of talent and material means for the public weal. For the saddest of all reflections in this matter of scandalous housing of worthy folk, is that the hapless inhabitants of spots such as Calderbank Square are powerless to help themselves.

We Show the Silver

WHEN dark clouds obscure the sky and seemingly threaten to engulf you in a torrent of misery it is no use sitting down bewailing the fact that you have no umbrella, and simply wait to get wet.

That is as foolish as it is useless, for the chances are that the clouds will pass overhead without breaking, and presently the sun will shine again and change their sombre shades into shimmering silver.

Seen from the right angle every cloud has a silver lining, and we are anxious to show you the silver in the clouds of trouble that seem to threaten you.

Our Free Advice Bureau has been established for this purpose, and we have a staff of expert counsellors who have had a lifetime of experience in solving the problems that beset your daily life.

Whether your trouble is a legal one, a matter of business, a domestic dilemma, or an affair of the heart, you may confide it to us and be assured that you will receive the best advice obtainable.

IT does not matter whether the problem is large or small, you may submit it to us with perfect confidence. We delight in overcoming almost insuperable difficulties which baffle the old, and we are just as happy in giving guidance to the young and inexperienced in the minor problems of life.

Whatever the cloud that overshadows you, don't sit and mope in perplexity and despair, but write to JOHN BULL about it, enclosing a stamped addressed envelope, and see if we cannot show you the silver lining.

CARTOONETTES

and Topical Jingles

by FRANK HOLLAND

In shaping these Employment Schemes
Which lately have grown riper—
'Twas Snowden "called the tune" it seems
But John must "pay the piper."

"We'll have that picture down!" they bawl,
"Let those who will adore it!
It has no business here at all,
We never 'Astor' for it!"

Where are the houses Chamberlain
(Before he got the sack) built?
And will somebody please explain
Where is "The House that 'Jack' built?"

To Fate once more he's got to bow
As slaves do to a despot—
For they've increased his sentence now
To four more years in Mespot.

The Baron of Sunday News says—

No wonder their Telegraphic Address: "Generous."

WHITE FISHER & CO

144m, WEST REGENT STREET, GLASGOW.

For Credit Accounts apply:—
70, SHAFTESBURY AVENUE, LONDON, W.1.
NO LIMIT ON ANYTHING.
1/3rd odds a place, 5, 6 or 7 runners.
WEEKLY ACCOUNTS. SYSTEMS.
Daily Settlements.

Send your commissions in your own way. That is our way. Winnings by return. Write for our book of rules and benefits.

WE NEVER QUIBBLE
ESTABLISHED 28 YEARS.

J. McLAUCHLAN,
54, Gordon Street, Glasgow.
Established 32 years.

You are on by Letter
if time post-marked (not in code) by advertised time of race (Registers 15 mins).

NO LIMIT.
1/3rd the odds 1—2 if 5, 6 or 7 runners less than 5 runners Place stakes go on to win.
Credit Accounts opened on Approved References.

Special Credit Accounts
(No references required). Write for details. Rules on Application.

11, DUKE ST., EDINBURGH.
For Credit Accounts Only.

"The little backers . . . crowd to the right man. The firm of D. COPE must surely be the most popular in the country."
R. & F. Outlook.

BET WITH THE BIG TWO
DAVID COPE and ALFRED H. MAURICE
25, North Albion St., GLASGOW
NO LIMIT. LETTER NO LIMIT
COMMISSION
DAILY SETTLEMENTS
WINNINGS by RETURN of POST
For Credit Accounts Only apply to
DAVID COPE, 97, Fleet St., London, E.C.4.

JAMES McLEAN,
12, Woodside Terrace,
GLASGOW, 3.

Now is the time to open a Credit Account To all persons desirous of opening an account I can offer terms which cannot be surpassed anywhere.
One-third the odds on all Ante Post Betting Races.
No limit for Singles. Doubles and Accumulators.
On July 26th, 1922, I paid £3,886 to £2 for an Accumulator.
Credit Accounts opened from £5 upwards but no cash in advance under any circumstances.
Write for my illustrated booklet entitled "Points for Punters," containing useful information which every client should know who has a credit account with a bookmaker. Only Clients who are genuinely desirous of opening an account need reply to this advertisement.

Telephone Numbers 2420 Douglas, 20 lines
Trunk Telephone Nos. 2335 " 6 "
Telephones for Telegrams only: 3206 " 4 "
Telegraphic Address: "Spotless, Glasgow."

Put a Stop to Jockeys'

Perryman's Suspension—A Censor Wanted—Lord Derby's

GOODWOOD, with its glorious win for the King's London Cry, did not end without a sensation. After the Findon Stakes Donoghue, whose mount was Constantine, complained to the Stewards that Perryman did not keep a straight course on the winner Sah-Luma, and as a result of his erratic riding he, Steve, nearly went over the rails.

The Stewards evidently thought the complaint was justified, for they suspended Perryman for the rest of the meeting.

There has been too much reckless riding lately, and a suspension of this nature, which only keeps a jockey out of the saddle for twenty-four hours, will not put a stop to it. The Stewards should withdraw the culprit's licence for a month or two and also inflict a heavy fine.

Donoghue, Perryman, and one or two other jockeys were concerned in the bad scrimmage at Alexandra Park last August. Perryman got the race on Blagueur, while Steve was second. Richards and young Ingham came down at the bend, and the latter lost a number of teeth.

If I remember rightly, none of the jockeys got into serious trouble with the Stewards at the time, but Ingham evidently had his own views as to the cause of the accident. The next time he met Donoghue was at Goodwood, and he went for him with his fists.

LORD DERBY'S LIVERPOOL CUPS.

As I anticipated in this column, Lord Derby's selected for the Liverpool Cup, Pharos, made short work of the opposition. Lord Derby will have to give up winning Liverpool Cups or else take an establishment to house them. Pharos credited Stanley House with number seven!

A Censor Wanted.

One or two of the layers who issue ante-post lists should get somebody to censor them, or else they are compiled with the object of confusing their clients instead of helping them.

For instance, in one I notice that while odds of 33 to 1 are quoted against Verdict for the Cesarewitch—a race she has no chance at all of ever winning—no price is offered against her for the Cambridgeshire.

Then, who wants 50 to 1 Dawson City or 25 to 1 St. Germans or 33 to 1 Tom Pinch for the same race?

One or two horses in the Cambridgeshire list have gone abroad and others will be running unsuccessfully in selling races by then.

Bookmakers are credited with being well-advised, but very often you doubt it.

Cockpit the Consistent.

I think Cockpit has proved to be the most consistent colt of the year, and wise punters should go on backing him. So far this season he has contested eight races and only once has he been out of the first four. He made a big effort in the Liverpool Cup, but found Pharos at the top of his form. Cockpit is by that good old handicapper, China Cock, who won a Manchester November Handicap at 20 to 1.

Walter the Welsher.

Walter Westwood, at one time of 74, Argyle Street, Glasgow, is a clever rogue. He ran a £1,000 Derby Sweepstake and as an added inducement to sell his wares issued free tickets to all people who backed their fancy for the big race with him.

This swindler was exposed in a recent issue of JOHN BULL. Since then Mr. A. H. Westwood, the well-known Edinburgh Turf Commission Agent, has written to me about the cunning Walter. Mr. A. H. Westwood was on the Continent when the sweepstake was first advertised. His attention was drawn to it on his return, and owing to the similarity of the name, he received some of Walter's correspondence. He sent this to the police. He also endeavoured to induce the artful Walter to disclose his true identity. Walter was not having any. He pocketed his pile and cleared out.

THIS WEEK'S SELECTIONS.

Brighton, Wednesday,
COCKPIT, PERE LA CERISE.
Thursday,
MOLLY, PONJOLA.
Friday,
WHITE CORAL, RACLA.
Lewes, Friday,
TURKISH HOLIDAY, HIGH COURT.
Saturday,
NOVA GELDING, THE YANK.

The Best-dressed Trainer.

Harry Cottrill is having one of his best seasons. At the end of July he had won no fewer than forty-one races, and this wants some doing even when a trainer has a large string.

Cottrill has two assets which in no small way contribute to his success.

One is that he is optimistic enough to expect his horses to win nearly every time he runs them; the other is that he lets them run in public whenever they have a chance of winning.

Some of his rivals are often missing the substance but chasing the shadow.

The Seven Barrows trainer has no Irish Elegance in his yard nowadays, but his principal patron, Mrs. Sofer Whitburn, has got together some very useful youngsters who will win again as they grow up, and there will not be many three-year-olds who will be able to give Arausio weight over six furlongs or so at the end of this season.

Cottrill is the best-dressed man in his profession, nearly the best-looking, and certainly the most cheerful. He could ride a bit himself at one time as an amateur.

A Bright Idea.

I like the enterprise of the Liverpool executive. At their last meeting they broadcast the runners of each event from the main number board.

A Ring of Racing

TO clear the Turf of the crooks who infest it is almost as heavy a task as Hercules undertook when he set himself to cleanse the Augean stables.

Publicity is the modern weapon for a task of this kind. And we propose to turn its searchlight in the public interest on the operations of some impudent rascals who are battening upon the sportsmen of this country.

Sir William Horwood, Commissioner of Police, for whose sleuths we find a job.

We start the list with a gentleman called Cecil McEwen, who from 193, Wardour Street, London, W., sends out tipster's circulars telling people how they can win with absolute certainty if they will back the horse he recommends to them on special *inside* information.

As he recommends different horses in every race to different poeple, his impudent posture is beyond denial. To do him justice, he does not trouble himself with attempting to deny the undeniable. Immediately we referred to his activities, as we did a week or two ago, he paid us the compliment of abandoning his address in Wardour Street, and seeking, as the poet says, "fresh woods and pastures new." "He who fights and runs away," says another poet, "will live to fight another day." That is no doubt McEwen's philosophy of life.

Next on the list is a man called Joseph Cowan, who operated from two addresses as a football accountant. He sent out his circulars last season from 22, Orange Street, Leicester Square, London, W.C., and ran his finance department office at 9, St. Martin's Court, London, W.C.

His notepaper is a work of art. It shows a grand hall, with a series of offices opening on either side of it, like the headquarters of a great London bank. It gives an illustration of the "Checking Department," with scores of clerks sitting at big tables surrounded by huge bundles of what appear to be coupons.

In another corner is a picture of Joseph himself, sitting in his private office, at a large desk, with two telephones on it and what appear to be two cash-boxes; and, in front of him, a tape machine that is apparently working overtime.

There is unfortunately no picture of the secretarial department, which also works overtime writing letters to disappointed clients.

His circulars are as good as the illustrations upon them. "For the last four years," he says in one of them, "I have, at an enormous cost, visited every one of my agents twice a year. This enables me to meet my agents personally, also

Reckless Riding

Liverpool Cups—The Best-dressed Trainer

PADDOCK PARS.

The King's horse, Weathervane, was No 13 on the card for the Stewards' Cup. He was also drawn No. 13, and he finished almost in this position.

* * *

The N. H. Stewards have decided that from October 1st of this year all N. H. jockeys must wear skull caps. This is a good order.

* * *

Diomedes, the best two-year-old seen out, was a present to Mr. W. S. Beer. The youngster holds no engagements in any of next year's "Classics."

HORSES TO FOLLOW.

The Yank.—In dead-heating with Hard Battle for the Lambton Gold Cup, The Yank beat a useful field of Stayers. The son of Cylgad was unlucky not to capture the spoils outright. He would have done so if his jockey, young McLachlan, had not dropped his whip just before reaching the post. The Yank is worth following.

Irish Cheddar.—I saw sufficient of this Stedfast gelding at Hurst Park to convince me that he will win a three-year-old selling handicap.

Pandarus.—Barling's horse looked a picture at Goodwood. He was very badly drawn for the Stewards' sprint and had no chance in the race. Take no notice of this form. Pandarus will win again before long.

Manna.—This youngster won the Richmond Two-Year-Old Stakes by six lengths. I remarked last week that he was a particularly good one.

Clochnaben—Mr. Jimmy White's fine-looking chestnut has come down in the world. He ran fourth in the Craven Selling Plate at Goodwood! He should be able to win a race of this description.

Star of Gold.—This three-year-old Sunstar colt is a bit of a pig, but he can go a good gallop. He was very unlucky not to beat Great Barrier in the Knowsley Dinner Stakes. He won his previous race.

Bossover.—I have had a good word to say for this son of The Boss before. He finished second to La Melba at Goodwood with a big field in the rear. It is quite likely that Stanley Wootton will send the colt to Brighton this week. He should be backed.

Invermark.—Started odds on at Liverpool when beaten by my selection, High Court, and Battles. On his only other outing this season Invermark beat High Court and raced the five furlongs in 59⅘ secs. Both these animals are useful.

Watford.—This son of Swynford will build up into a first-class handicapper. He failed to beat the useful Corolet last time out, but was giving the winner 17 lb.

Abbey Island.—Stevens, the Rottingdean trainer, manages this mudlark for his wife. The six-year-old was unlucky not to deprive Pondoland of third place in the Stewards' Handicap, as he was travelling twice as fast as the former towards the end of the race. He may be exploited at one of the southern meetings this week, and if the going is on the soft side he will most likely win.

Turkish Holiday.—Was beaten by a very short head last time out. Will win a two-year-old event soon.

"SILVER RING."

"JOHN BULL'S" CODE.

Two Coded selections will be given daily in the following papers:—

Sporting Life, Sheffield Early Bird, Glasgow Noon Record, Sporting Man, Birmingham Sporting Buff, Sporting Pink, Portsmouth Sporting Mail, Liverpool Sports Express, Mid-day Sporting Special, Bristol Times and Mirror, Cork Examiner, Aberdeen Sporting Express, Western Mail, Irish Independent, The Irish News, Sporting Chronicle and Chronicle Mid-day (Manchester).

O A K E C Y F D Q I N U P V

2 Z J H T B G 3 M W X R S L

How to read the code:—In place of the letters or figures advertised in the daily papers read those above or below the line, as the case may be. 3 W Z Q H C H U would read DIAMETER

This code will be changed in next week's JOHN BULL. It covers the racing from August 6 to August 12, inclusive.

Rogues

Swindlers whose lives are made comfortable by other people's money.

their punters, with a view of letting the punters see with whom they are betting."

His agents would rather see the colour of his money. But he ignores their requests for payment, and sends them particulars of a brand new motor-car, with nickel-plated fittings, which he promises to give away to the agent showing the biggest percentage of profit in the first four weeks of the season.

Then there is Mr. Alan Campbell, of 46, Churton Street, Victoria, S.W. 1, who describes himself as having been established for twenty years as a football and S.P. Commission Agent, and as a member of all the principal sporting clubs. He seems to spend his time writing letters explaining that commissions sent to him must have gone astray. "Did you post the letter yourself, or did you trust someone else to post the letter for you? If so they may have forgotten to do so." When he gets assurances in this connection he does not bother to reply any further.

Campbell has a long list of victims—to whom he sometimes explains that he has had a very bad time lately, and will be obliged if they will leave matters in abeyance.

The police might find something worth while if they make a few enquiries regarding the activities of McEwen, Cowan and Campbell. If they get on the track of one they may get on the track of all.

These rascals of the Turf have a common system. They bring discredit upon the bookmakers who play the game, and we certainly think that something should be done to stop the brazen activities of sharks like McEwen & Co.

Shortly the football season will be in full swing, and this clique will take full advantage of it. They should be prevented from carrying on their swindles indefinitely.

A £5-5-0 PURE WOOL TWEED SUIT FOR £2-0-0

STEPHEN DONOGHUE
The World-Famous Jockey.
Dressed by BARRY.
(*Photo by Press and Publicity Photographic Co.*)

MADE TO YOUR SPECIAL MEASURES.

Wherever you reside we undertake to FIT you PERFECTLY.

HERE IS OUR UNIQUE PLEDGE.

If, after examining the excellent material, workmanship and finish of this wonderful £2 Barry Suit you are not of the opinion that it is the greatest bargain you have ever seen, we will refund not only the £2 paid but 2/6 over and above that sum to compensate you for your trouble. Do not confuse this £2 Pure Wool Tweed Suit with the cheap sale goods so extensively being boomed in the London Press. It is something entirely different.

SEND FOR FREE PATTERNS.

If you cannot call personally, our SELF-MEASURE CHART is unfailing. You take your measures in the privacy of your home, select your cloth from the lovely range of patterns we shall send you, choose your style from the big selection of fashions we submit—and in seven days you will receive your suit carefully packed.

Sent Carriage Paid at our risk entirely

FREE The Patterns, Fashion Plates' Measure Chart are yours for the asking. Send us a post-card forthwith, when they will be sent per return.

WRITE OR CALL.

Those calling may be measured in our Showrooms.

A Genuine All-Wool Soap Shrunk	An £8.8.0 Superfine	100 Per Cent. Pure New Wool
FLANNEL SUIT	WORSTED SUIT	BLUE SERGE SUIT
to measure for £3.10	to measure for £4.10	to measure for £3.10

FOR WET OR FINE, THE

BARRICO TRIPLE-PROOFED GABARDINE

TRENCH COAT

(The Famous Four-in One Model)

In either Blue or Fawn Shade for 35/- Carriage Paid

The slight advance in the price of the Barrico Trench Coat is imperative through increasing costs of raw materials. It has been deemed wiser to adopt this course, rather than in any way reduce its excellent and far-famed quality.

A COMBINED OVERCOAT AND STORM COAT stylishly cut and finished, eminently suitable for all the year round wear, Summer and Winter alike.

DO NOT CONFUSE THIS COAT WITH LOWER PRICED GOODS NOW OFFERED ON THE MARKET. IT IS SOMETHING QUITE DIFFERENT.

The coat is actually sent on approval. If you do not consider it the very greatest bargain you have ever seen, return it to us at once, and we will refund not only your cash in full, but also the postage incurred by your returning it.

WE ARE THE ONLY FIRM MAKING THIS OFFER

Post us your remittance for 35/-, giving us your height and size round chest over waistcoat, stating whether BLUE OR FAWN SHADE IS PREFERRED.

S. A. BARRY & Co Ltd.,
(J.B. DEPT.), 26, CITY ROAD, LONDON, E.C.1.
Near Moorgate Tram and Tube Terminus.

Take a Bottle
of
KIA-ORA
LEMON
OR
ORANGE
SQUASH
WITH YOU ON YOUR HOLIDAYS.

Both are made from the juice of Fresh Fruit and cane sugar. Because of this they are the most delicious and most healthful drinks ever made.

They are economical, too. A large bottle makes 24-30 drinks simply adding water —cold in summer, hot in winter — or soda water for a sparkling drink.

Kia-Ora is sold in two sizes

1/4 & 2/4

by all good grocers, wine and spirit stores, cafés and restaurants in most countries in the world.

WARNING!

Don't just ask for Lemon Squash or Orange Squash—ask for Kia-Ora, or you may get a substitute, many of which contain little or no fresh juice. And don't be misled by similar sounding names.

Sole Makers:
KIA-ORA LTD.
BLACKFRIARS AND WEMBLEY
LONDON,
AND IN AUSTRALIA.

Our Letter Parliament

Perils of the Picture Press

Our Readers Air their Views on this and Other Subjects

The Struggle to Live

This senseless flaunting of wealth, amidst the struggle for existence in hundreds of homes, is breeding class-hatred and future revolutionaries. Wealth, rightly used, was never more needed than at the present day. The rich are at the bar of judgment, and Nemesis will follow unless they practise the spirit of brotherhood. Only yesterday I heard a working-man refer to the extravagances of society as "a sin and a shame in a Christian land."—"*Kent.*"

Do Fashionable People Care?

While vain and licentious people are revelling in extravagance and riotous living, how little do they think of the sore distress which is passing at that moment throughout the world; multitudes struggling for a poor subsistence, to support the wife and the children whom they love, and who look with eager eyes for that bread which they can hardly procure; multitudes groaning under sickness in desolate cottages, untended and unmourned.—*I. H., Durham.*

Worse than Dope Traffic

The bitterness caused amongst the working class at the sight of pictures flaunting the wealth of the rich is alarming. The Dope traffic is not more treacherous than this "flaunting" which is giving the masses the wrong conception of life. It is creating unsatisfied desires, and the going to work, which ought to be a healthy desire, degenerates into mere drudgery after seeing pictures of the wealthy attired immaculately at Ascot. —*Sartor, S. Wales.*

Fools and their Folly

Whilst unemployed I spent much time in local reading-rooms, and often I could have struck at the photographs of the grinning fools that leered at me from the pages of the Picture Press. They choose to be idle—I was forced to be. I had helped to produce wealth that they might squander it. Can anyone wonder that unemployed craftsmen believe soap-box Communists when they roar about the idle rich. The Picture Press proves their wicked extravagance.—"*Mechanic,*" *Sunderland.*

Un-Christian and Un-British

When I meet a broken ex-Service man on the road, smothered with dust from the unheeding plutocrat's car, or notice an illustration of Lady So-and-so's marble bath which cost umpteen thousands of pounds to build, I begin to realise why the Leninites are persevering with their revolutionary doctrines in this country. "A Gentleman with a Duster" rightly denounces the toadying activities of certain sections of the Press where the New Rich are concerned. Their present indifference is neither Christian nor British. —"*Absent-minded Beggar.*" *Inverness.*

They Toil Not

Your article "Curse of the Picture Press" sounds a timely note of warning and advice to "Parasitic England." That in so-called enlightened days there are people who, having toiled not nor spun, so shamelessly flaunt the wealth which a lop-sided system throws into their lap, is monstrous. Let them take care, however, that their "Ascots," "Goodwoods," do not ultimately minister to their utter destruction. The poor are long-suffering, but they have their limits of endurance. Exhibitions of vulgar extravagance are sure to find an echoing resentment in those who have not.—*W.P., Lancs.*

Brief to-the-point letters not exceeding 100 words are invited; 5s. is paid for each letter published. Name and address essential, not necessarily for publication. Envelopes must be marked "Letter Parliament."

To Check Sweating

The most effective method of stopping the exploiting of waitresses, and other employees, by the large catering companies would be to bring them into line with the Water Companies, and pass an Act limiting their dividend to 10 per cent. per annum. By the passing of such an act the chief cause of the sweating of employees, would disappear, and should benefit both employee and customer. It would be no injustice to the shareholders as 10 per cent. is a good return on invested capital.—*H. P., Kent.*

Milk and Madness

I know of the case of a man in the final stage of consumption who still earns his living milking cows, and supervising the subsequent distribution of the milk. A doctor friend has warned the farmer concerned of the danger to the public health, but the farmer says he has not the heart to dismiss the afflicted one. But there lurks in the background the greater tragedy of the many who run the risk of infection with this scourge through tainted milk supply. It is time the Government acted, not only to stop consumptives working, but to see that they are cared for where they cannot be a danger to others.—*M. S., Rugby.*

Those Thieving Shopkeepers!

In the holiday resorts, shopkeepers take advantage of the increased demand for commodities by charging unwarranted prices. So flagrant is this practice becoming that many holidaymakers, refusing to be victimised more than they can help, now purchase what necessaries they can conveniently take with them before leaving their home towns. It is robbery, unashamed and contemptible! Why should the law protect thieving shopkeepers from other thieves, while they may rob the public wholesale with impunity?—*James R. West.*

Printers' Pie

"SEXTON BLAKE LIBRARY":—"He would have looked a worthy citizen had it not been for his QUICK-SHIFTING eyes, which NEVER CEASED TO KEEP STILL."

"FORGET-ME-NOT NOVELS":—"Such red, inviting lips, such a tender kissable little mouth, and eyes heavily fringed by silken LASHES of deepest, deepest BLUE."

"EVENING EXPRESS" S. Wales:—"Miller's ice-house caught fire, and though a determined effort was made to save the building from flames, it burned to the ground. With it 20,000 pounds of ICE were reduced to ASHES."

"THE SUNDAY COMPANION":—"Her tired eyes were FASTENED ON HIS FACE as HE FOLLOWED her back into the room."

"THE STAR":—"The outbreak occurred when the morning rush to business was at its height, and CROWS gathered to watch the spectacle."

"GLASGOW WEEKLY HERALD":—"One of those BRIGHT souls who NEVER looked upon the sunny instead of the shadowy side of life."

Hercules Macdonald

True to your policy of fairness and justice you have published an appreciation of the Premier written by an ardent supporter. This enables one to adjust one's perspective. Regardless of Party, the Premier seems to have done well. We certainly are no worse off—rather are we better, because there is a real prospect of a European settlement. As you have often urged, it is upon this that our future prosperity rests. Therefore I say that for this effort alone we should consign political prejudice to the d[illegible]! and take our hats off to Macdonald.—*M. W. Gill, Malton.*

The Money Octopus

At last a popular journal has the courage to indict our financiers! A. G. G. is great when he compares them to "a fox in a poultry yard." The fact is the financial system has ceased to act in the interests of the community but operates entirely on its own for the making of huge dividends by manipulating the public credit which has been filched from the State. Let us have a few more articles on this topic and enlighten the public as to the *real* causes of poverty and unemployment. Why doesn't the "Labour" Cabinet do likewise?—*Anti-Banks.*

Cold, Hard Facts

In your issue of 19th July Mr. A. G. Gardiner says dear money is the cause of the deplorable state of trade. Partly, perhaps, but other causes have more to do with it. On the Clyde at any rate. The other day a local shipowner placed an order for three steamers with a Dutch firm whose price was *nearly 25 per cent. less* than the lowest British offer. Does that money account for this big difference? It does not. It is the "ca'-canny" practice in the workshops, and the risk of strikes which heightens the costs of production. It is folly to blink at facts, and the sooner the British workman realises that, the better it will be for all concerned.—*R. M., Glasgow.*

Broadcasting Disease

It is now the law of the land that a person reponsible for transmitting venereal disease to others is punishable, but this law like so many others is a dead letter, I know several girls who have been doubly wronged in this way by creatures calling themselves men, and I know also of at least one young man driven to suicide, through infection by a woman who ought to have been dealt with long ago. Also do I know of innocent children contaminated by beasts of this type, so that this dead letter law means worse than death to many, besides adding to the area of potential infection. What have the authorities to say about it?—*M. A., Maida Vale.*

Germany's Wealth

The writer of the article on the concentration of Germany's wealth has not mentioned the most important part. Germany's commerce and industry were based to an incredible extent on borrowed money. The gigantic sums borrowed were paid off in worthless paper money. If a manufacturer borrowed before the War ten million marks from foreign lenders or from German investors and bought with the money some five hundred thousand worth of machinery he can now repay the loan with ten million paper marks, wherewith one cannot buy a box of matches. In this manner, approximately £5,000,000,000 have been transferred from the general investors to a handful of industrialists. —*J. Ellis Barker, East Finchley.*

Motoring for the Million

The Grouser Gets It

by MOTOMAC

WHEN things are bad people in the mass simply growl. It is their duty and their pleasure so to do. In registering discomfort they indicate the need for change. Some ingenious individual comes along to minister to their wants, incidentally adding to their own comfort, or hoping to, and civilisation progresses. So bad roads lead on to Balloon Tyres.

Road authorities may move with slow deliberation, individuals, in our district especially, where there is no road, only potholes laid side by side, decide quickly. Comfort tyres have come to stay, especially on small cars and soon on all cars. People who want to make sales will have to fit them as standard.

Our Continental competitors have given us a lead, probably because their roads are even worse. The Citroën Cars will all be fitted with Balloons without extra charge. This additional advantage makes the 7.5 H.P. at £160 the most attractive proposition on the market. Its merits have already been discussed in this column. To those who are hesitating about comfort tyres the decision of this important company should carry conviction. I liked the big tyres with the low pressure from the beginning. Demonstration has proved their wearing capacity. A little loss of speed on the level is amply repaid by better wheel grip on hills, and, on greasy roads, reduced risk from skids.

IT is always a pleasure to see some of our recommended cars performing according to our expectations. In the Land's End July trial the "Ariel" 10 was not satisfied with the official test. Driver and car were subjected to additional strain by proceeding from Birmingham to Land's End the day preceding the trial, and returning from "John o' Groats" to Birmingham immediately the trial was over. From Monday mid-day till Saturday noon, the car covered 1,136 miles and hard going at that. For the driver it was merely a feat of endurance. For the car it was a real test of reliability. Given ordinary use the lesson is that the Ariel will stand up to much hard wear without the necessity for a repair bill. That sad period which comes in the life of every motorist is thus delayed.

Even in repairs however, improvements have been made as the result of constant grumbling. We are no longer at the mercy of the quack mechanic who bought his experience with our money. The petrol pump has saved him. He can, at any rate, turn a handle without damaging our property. When an overhaul does become necessary the safest plan is to return the car to the service department of the actual makers. They know it best. There are, of course, exceptions even among repairers, but you will be lucky if you meet them just when you need them.

For particulars of new cars and accessories fill in details and address to "Motomac," "John Bull," 93, Long Acre, W.C.2.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

Information desired.....

MORRIS MOTORS LTD

MORRIS Cars

buy British— and be Proud of it.

REAL COMFORT is one of the features of this famous car.

Nothing is skimped in the design of MORRIS-COWLEYS, nothing left to chance. This delightful Two-Seater is a revelation in all-round Comfort—comfort in coachwork, comfort in suspension, comfort in weather-protection. With the hood down it makes just an ideal light, handy touring-car. With the hood up it becomes a closed car for all weathers, all climates and all seasons. Every detail in its design and construction is the result of hard-won experience on the roads of the world.

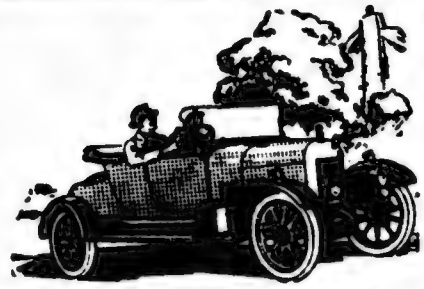
PRICES:

Morris-Cowley 11.9 h.p.

Two-seater ..	£198
Four-Seater ..	£225
Occasional Four ..	£215

Morris-Oxford 14/28 h.p.

Two-seater ..	£300
Four-seater ..	£320
Saloon	£385



The Morris-Cowley 11.9 2 Seater, Price £198

MORRIS MOTORS, LTD., COWLEY, OXFORD.

EXASPERATION

SHELL-MEX, LTD., SHELL CORNER, KINGSWAY, LONDON

£530 IN PRIZES!

Ask your garage for free coloured booklet giving particulars of Competition for Prizes amounting to £530, for the best names submitted by motorists for the motoring character depicted in the above series of advertisements.

SPECIAL OFFER

To prove that NIESO BLADES have a keener edge than any other Blade we are offering for a limited period 1 dozen NIESO BLADES (24 edges) and 1 NIESO RAZOR, complete in case for 3/-, postage paid.
Blades only 2/3 per dozen.
Money returned if not satisfied.
Post your order direct to the Wholesale Distributors to-day:—
J. V. NICOLL & CO., 14, Dale Street, LIVERPOOL

50 SHAVES WITH ONE BLADE

Three of thousands of unsolicited testimonials:
"They are better than what I paid 4/6 per dozen for here."
"50 shaves with one blade, and still as good as ever."
"I am only using the second out of the packet yet, so I think that is proof of their quality. I am 28 years of age, and have a very strong beard, but 'Nieso' mows it all right."

NIESO

PRICE—1 doz. for 2/3. Postage Paid.
These Blades will fit any Gillette Pattern Razor
J. V. NICOLL & CO., 14, DALE STREET, LIVERPOOL.
Now stocked by most leading Stores, Chemists & Cutlers. Special Trade Terms to Chemists, etc. Inquiries Invited.

Wood-Milne

RUBBER SOLES AND HEELS

Good for all wearers in all weathers.
British Made, British Quality.
Sold by all Bootmen.

AT LESS THAN FACTORY PRICES

I offer you the pick of COVENTRY'S BEST CYCLES on 14 days' approval. Packed Free and Carriage Paid. First Instalment secures immediate delivery. Satisfaction or Money Refunded. Thousands of testimonials. Lowest Cash Prices quoted. Write for FREE BARGAIN LISTS NOW.

2/- WEEKLY.

The O'Brien™ THE WORLD'S LARGEST CYCLE DEALER. No. 27 COVENTRY.

DURING THE DAY'S WORK AND AFTER

Gre-Solvent is invaluable for cleaning pots and pans, lino, woodwork and the insides of gas ovens. It removes all dirt and stains instantly—and at the end of the day it will cleanse your hands, leaving the skin soft, smooth and white.

GRE-SOLVENT

MILES AHEAD OF SOAP

John Bull's Letter Bag

THE Editor may be flippant on this page but his humour is kindly and never malicious, and he wants you to see it in this light. He likes to end up the week's work on a bright note and take his leave with a smile. Serious questions are handled by the expert staff of our Free Advice Service. *See page 19.*

J. F. W. (Perth).—"These bigots have tee-totalism on the brain." Sounds like water on the brain to us.

L. H. (Stokes).—"I mean to screw up my courage." Lots of people unscrew their courage—with a corkscrew.

F. F. (Fakenham).—"The day I was married I was in good spirits." Perhaps good spirits were in you.

T. B. (Chichester).—"I suppose you must have a good many secrets in your business." None to speak of.

L. F. H. (Torquay).—"The British working man takes his pleasures sadly." Yes; even his favourite drink is bitter.

N. W. (Poplar).—"Russia has produced a revolution of the Theatre." It has also furnished the Theatre of a Revolution.

G. T. (Carstairs).—"I want my share of the good things in life." You're lucky, these days, if you get your full share of the necessities.

N. B. (Neath).—"He is a very clever man that shows people up in JOHN BULL." On behalf of the commissionaire we thank you.

A. McG. C. (Margate).—"Children seem to be particularly naughty at the seaside." No wonder so many of them get tanned.

E. C. (Elie).—"The man who farms on a large scale has real cause for complaint." He should have plenty of ground anyhow.

P. F. (Manchester).—"It's a certainty that in the end I will get my own back." Sounds like a certainty you could safely put your shirt on.

G. H. (York).—"I read this letter over to my wife before sending it to you." Then we are in a position to sympathise with her.

K. K. (London, E.).—"In my opinion, Moses is the greatest character in all history." And yet he was an abandoned baby.

H. T. (Amersham).—"I hold directly opposite views to everybody else in the house." Does your food agree with you?

A. H. (Exmoor).—"What do women stand for in this country?" Generally because all the seats in the 'bus are occupied.

M. R. (Cornwall).—"I've quite fallen in love with the sandy coves down here." We've a few brown-haired ones here that we think would appeal to you just as much.

J. O. (New Barnet).—"It seems to me that the art of living is the art of reducing everything to the smallest possible scale." As every fashionable dressmaker knows.

Mrs. F. (Mark's Tey).—"A money-lender never has mercy." His creed being an Eye for an Eye-O-U.

"CORNER-HOUSE" (W.).—"Ice-cream and iced-drinks are a perfect obsession with some people." They leave us cold.

W. S. O. (Brent).—"Happiness, as a rule, moves in cycles." But we have also seen it in charabancs.

L. D. (Richmond).—"I see that the tax on tobacco is to be lowered in New Zealand." The trouble is that New Zealand is such a long way off.

Scientific (Kennington).—"London is always rocking gently as a result of vibrations set up by the traffic." Wakeful infants are evidently not aware of this.

P. T. (Wembley).—"Two of the Rodeo cowboys got married during their stay here." We were convinced all along they were fearless fellows.

C. P. (Winchester).—"Now that she wears a wig she looks ten years younger than she really is." What a transformation!

Thora (Harlesden).—"Let me make myself perfectly plain." How unusual! Most girls try to make themselves just the opposite.

Miss A. L. (Lawton).—"My fiancé and I are unhappy over little things in which we do not see eye to eye." Try settling them lip to lip.

E. B. (Amberley).—"Nothing could be a more perfect fit than my new dress." Except the fit your husband will have when the bill comes.

C. W. F. (W.7).—"Actors are not as clever at make-up as they used to be." Maybe they don't know where to draw the line.

W. C. (Coleshill).—"The Government can help the farmer to make land more productive." A square deal would add many a square meal to the square mile.

MOLLY (Herts).—"The average boarding-house does not give one enough food to eat." But they usually manage to supply enough food for thought.

F. F. (St. Pancras).—"There are 420,000 telephones in the London area." We should have thought there were more than that, judging by the many we get wrongly connected with in a very short space of time.

M. W. (Smethwick).—"Is it ever possible to live down one's past?" Yes. The way is to live up to one's future.

B. B. (Kynance).—"Do you know, a woman's work is never done." But a woman's husband very often is.

B. J. (Strood).—"There is a great deal more poverty among married people than there is among single." The greatest difficulty seems to be avoiding the union.

L. W. (Jarrow).—"The obstinacy of my young son is becoming a serious matter." Well, it's up to you to thrash the matter out.

B. (Barry Island).—"Most people nowadays are out for their own ends." Even so, a good many are finding it difficult to make them meet.

R. F. T. (Slough).—"In each inspiration one inhales a pint of air." And sometimes a pint of something else as well.

V. E. R. (Barking).—"This district isn't half as bad as some people try to make out." Clearly, Barking is worse than its biting!

E. F. R. (Grantham).—"When I find girls eating onions, I run away from them." Your attitude has probably set up the practice.

H. G. (Hungerford).—"I wish things would look up a bit more." Look up a bit more yourself, and things will soon follow suit.

V. R. B. (Gosport).—"I've made a curious discovery—you get more mushrooms when you go and collect 'em all by yourself!" Moral, when you go to gather, don't go together.

E. A. (Pulborough).—"What kind of people live the longest?" Contented people. In other words, the longest lives are spent by those who are not constantly longing.

D. V. (Ryde).—"There is constant hot water in our house." We sincerely hope this does not mean that you are constantly getting into the constant supply.

F. B. T. (Harwich).—"If I had untold wealth, I wouldn't care a bit paying income-tax." We are inclined to think, nevertheless, that when you filled in your form much of your wealth would remain untold.

LETTERS requiring a postal reply must be accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope. Documents should bear sufficient postage for return. Anonymous correspondents ignored. Names and addresses of writers are essential as a guarantee of good faith.

S. S. (Rawdon).—"A good husband should be able to knock in a nail." And draw a screw.

W. N. (Norwich).—"I wonder where the world will be in another twelve months." In 1925.

R. A. (Syston).—"I intend to make my way as a musician." We hope it won't be Long Acre way.

B. L. (Howth).—"Irish women are not great butter eaters." Perhaps all they require is a Pat.

VI (Eastbourne).—"Since I have been here I have developed a cold." Sounds to us like an over-exposure.

D. F. (Lowdnes).—"Is selling fish in the street considered to be a trade?" We thought that it was a calling.

M. E. (Deptford).—"I guess the modern criminal has to be quick-witted." Except burglars, who naturally suffer from fits of abstraction.

G. L. (Lancaster).—"Our vicar says it's a sin to back a horse." Well, if it is, most punters pay heavily for their sins.

A. D. (Egham).—"Who is the responsible man on your paper?" Well, we're never far wrong if we blame the office boy.

F. D. (Brighton).—"I've stopped here for a week, but the rain hasn't." Win one of the Seventy-five *Bullets* Holiday Prizes and you won't mind a few "rainy days."

D. Y. (Blackpool).—"I suppose you must be frightfully old." We are; but we can't remember the time when Big Ben was a wrist watch.

L. L. (Dundee).—"I'm a bit worried to know whom to invite to my wedding." Invite only married people and then all your presents will be clear profit.

S. V. (Croydon).—"What do you think of my proposition—will you entertain it?" No, but we don't mind saying it entertained us.

C. K. (Blackburn).—"I believe in being a law unto myself." Then you must be a perfect nuisance to everyone else.

F. T. (Leyton).—"I'd hardly finished writing the play when my little boy tore up the MS." Fancy his being a dramatic critic at that age.

N. T. (Arundel).—"I can never understand why Victory is always represented as a female." Here, my dear Watson, we perceive an unmarried man!

GLADYS (Walworth). — "My boy's broken off our engagement without any explanation." You must be feeling completely unmanned.

M. G. (Tankerton).—"In all circumstances a wife's duty is to see her husband through." Whereas she usually finds it much easier to see through him.

P. D. (Edgware).—"After being out for two years I've at last got a small part in a touring revue." Even a small role is better than no bread.

K. K. (Acton).—"My allotment is next to some tennis courts and the players are a great nuisance when they hunt for lost balls among the vegetables." You should be thankful the invaders are not golfers, whose remarks would shrivel up the tender young greenstuff.

(Many replies unavoidably held over.)

Straight from the Shoulder

THE PREMIER.—This is the only Cabinet that has been defeated ten times and never turned a hair.

As you say, you are "head of a Government which is very peculiar."

* * *

MR. BALDWIN.—In the future the only fight will be between Constitutionalism and Communism.

Not in the least; it will be between Party politics and genuine social endeavour.

* * *

MRS. WINTRINGHAM.—One-tenth of the workers in agriculture are women.

And the other nine-tenths are scandalously underpaid men.

* * *

MARGARET BONDFIELD.—A mistress must be put in her place. She is the unskilled person.

For sheer unpracticality you take the biscuit.

SIR PATRICK HASTINGS.—The Labour Government has not done a thousandth part of what it should have done.

As a summary of our indictment of you this is singularly complete.

* * *

J. D. CASSELS.—The Housing Bill makes it impossible for working-men to own their own houses.

Our grievance is that it gives no guarantee of enabling them even to rent a house.

* * *

H. A. L. FISHER.—We are too apt to over-rate the intelligence of the human race.

Politicians spend most of their time under-rating it.

* * *

MISS E. WHITE.—There is medical testimony that some babies are actually born drunk.

And that many are actually born syphilitic—which is worse.

10,000 AILING PEOPLE WANTED

Month's Treatment sent —no fee unless benefited

The vitalising powers of our natural medicine are so astonishing that you would hardly believe them, even if we published all the 24,000 testimonials that we have received. Therefore we do not ask you to believe, or to pay one penny piece until you have proved what it can do for you. We will send you a whole month's treatment—over 100 doses—on your simple promise to try whether Vita-Ore will do for you what it has done and is doing for other sufferers in your town and every other part of the Kingdom. If you say you are no better, it has cost you nothing. It cannot possibly do you any harm. There is not an atom of poison or harmful element in it, and it is quite pleasant to take; you drink it instead of water. All our tens of thousands of customers first tried Vita-Ore at our risk. We want 10,000 more ailing persons to do the same. Many people who suffered from serious chronic ailments, like Neuritis, Sciatica, St. Vitus' Dance, and affections of the kidneys and bladder, which nothing seemed to touch, have told us that Vita-Ore worked like magic. The most desperate cases have been cured. Your case may seem equally hopeless, and yet without a farthing of risk you can at least try what Vita-Ore can do. Perhaps your ailment is of a less serious nature. You may be merely run-down, a little anæmic, a sufferer from dyspepsia or inability to digest and derive benefit from your food; you may be nervous or neuralgic, or may suffer from those distressing backaches and pains in the side, if a woman. Never a day passes without some sufferer just like yourself writing to us, delighted with the effects of Vita-Ore, and proving that he or she is benefited, by sending the money. That is all we ask—that if you feel better you shall pay the very small price of 4s. 6d. for the whole month's strengthening, vitalising, curative treatment.

APPROVED BY DOCTORS.

Vita-Ore is not a patent medicine or quack remedy; it contains no drugs. The Government analysts exempted it from patent medicine stamp duty. The *Lancet*, the most cautious and authoritative medical paper in existence, said of it: "The clinical results obtained were satisfactory." The *Medical Magazine* (another doctors' paper) said: "We have no hesitation in recommending Vita-Ore."

Vita-Ore is a natural remedy, which cures by increasing the natural vitality of the system. Not only your aches and pains, or the chronic ailment that you supposed was incurable, your indigestion, your nervous debility, the early effects of advancing years are done away with, but you are better all over, too. Your mind works better. Your muscles are strengthened. Your vital powers are renewed. You feel younger, more vigorous. You are better looking—your skin and eyes are clearer. It is Nature working in you. Girls who are bloodless and anæmic—pale, easily tired, short of breath when going upstairs—derive the most wonderful benefits from Vita-Ore.

WHAT VITAE-ORE HAS CURED.

The vitalising and rejuvenating effects of Vita-Ore are proved by the great variety of ailments which it has cured. They include such things as:—

Anæmia	Rheumatism and
Neuralgia	Neurasthenia
Headaches	Enfeebled Nerves
Sciatica	Kidney and Bladder
Lumbago	Weakness
St. Vitus' Dance	Chronic Catarrh
Dyspepsia	Sluggish Liver and
Chronic Indigestion	All run-down conditions due to the
Eruptions of the Skin	Stomach, Kidneys,
Backache in Women	Nerves and Liver
Neuritis	

Vita-Ore is also a most effective tonic: it quickly improves the appetite and digestion, and increases the vital forces.

HOW TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THIS FREE OFFER.

You can try the effect of Vita-Ore for a month, without sending any money. Simply fill up the coupon at foot and post to us and we send you enough to furnish 3 doses a day for a whole month. If you feel the benefit, you undertake to send 4s. 6d. only. If not you have only to write and say so and we cancel the bill.

THEO. NOEL CO. LTD
(Dept. 19),
29, Ludgate Hill,
London, E.C. 4.

DO NOT MISS THIS.

The benefits which thousands have derived from Vita-Ore are so great that you owe it to yourself to take advantage of this very liberal offer. The price that you pay, if benefited, is so very small that you would surely not grudge it: 4s. 6d. is little enough for renewed vitality, better spirits, marked increase in bodily and mental vigour, and the delightful sense of well-being that comes from the full vitality that Vita-Ore practically always gives. If you think for a moment you can see that it must succeed, for if nearly every one did not feel visibly benefited we should not receive enough remittances to pay the cost of doing business. Vita-Ore must have more vitalising power than anything else, for no other medicine is offered you on these terms.

NO BENEFIT—NO PAY.

Therefore, for your own sake, do not delay. You may forget. Cut out the coupon at once and send to us without any money.

CUT THE COUPON OUT NOW, BEFORE YOU FORGET.

Send this Without Money for 4/6 Packet lasting a Month.

To the THEO. NOEL CO., LTD. (Dept. 19), 29, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C 4.

Dear Sirs

Please send me a month's supply of Vita-Ore with full directions and free book of particulars. I will use it according to the "Directions," and promise to report results in 30 days. If it does me good I will send you 4s. 6d. (four shillings and sixpence) in payment for the month's course of treatment. If not, I will write and say so, and in that case You are to charge me nothing.

NAME .....

Address .....

.....

[Advt.]

WHITELEYS

FAMOUS KILDARE CLUB

BICYCLES

7/6 MONTHLY

£4-19-6 CASH

WORLD'S BIGGEST STOCK AND BEST VALUE

Every Cycle fully guaranteed
Money returned in full if not satisfied

Other Models

THE SPECIAL CASH PRICE £5:19:6
Or 17/6 with order, balance 10/- monthly

THE STANDARD CASH PRICE £7:19:6
Or 21/6 with order, balance 12/6 monthly

Write for List "G" giving full specification of the various models—POST FREE

WM. WHITELEY LTD.
Queens Road, London, W.2

HAIR GROWING DISCOVERY

Those who are bald or troubled with falling hair will be interested in Mr. Jack Evans' experience as related in the following letter:

"The small photo, taken from a football group, will show you how bald I was six months ago. The other photograph proves the wonderful growth of hair which has come through using three boxes of Kotalko.

"I had gradually been losing my hair for a long time, until at last I became almost completely bald, with hardly a hair on my head. My hair previous to the baldness was very straight and thin, whereas to-day it is a mass of wonderful curls.

"I can strongly recommend Kotalko to those who are bald, losing hair, or troubled with dandruff.

"Yours faithfully,
"(Signed) JACK EVANS."

Many persons—both men and women—who were completely bald have grown a full crop of beautiful hair by using Kotalko. This contains genuine bear fat, the juice of the rare pilocarpus plant and other potent ingredients from the Three Kingdoms of Nature. Marvellous and speedy growth of hair has been reported even when falling hair, dandruff and baldness have existed for years.

TEST-BOX COUPON

Fill in name and address and post with threepence in stamps to JOHN HART BRITTAIN, Ltd., 2, Percy Street (53EO), London, W.1.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

JUNO CYCLES

PRICES FROM 2/6 WEEKLY

GUARANTEED BY OUR 46 YEARS REPUTATION.
Money returned if dissatisfied.

JUNO BABY CARS

PRICES FROM 1/10 WEEKLY

JUNO CYCLES

The Best in the British Empire

SPECIFICATION:
Brampton fittings and hubs.
Bowden bars and brakes.
Reynolds tubes, Dunlop rims,
Dunlop Cambridge or studded tyres.

CASH from £4:15:0

LISTS FREE! WRITE FOR YOURS NOW:

BABY CARS DIRECT FROM FACTORY CASH from £2:19:6 CARRIAGE PAID

FREE Beautifully coloured Folders of latest JUNO models. State whether Cycle or Baby Car list required. (Dept. D3.) WRITE NOW

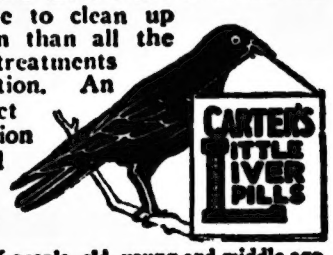
Packed Free and Carriage Paid

JUNO CYCLE & BABY CAR Co.

Props. Metropolitan Machinists Co., Ltd.,
168 & 248, BISHOPSGATE, LONDON, E.C.2

A Beautiful Complexion & Admiration

Ladies—A few days' treatment with **CARTER'S Little Liver Pills** will do more to clean up the skin than all the beauty treatments in creation. An imperfect complexion is caused by a sluggish liver.



Millions of people, old, young and middle age, take them for Biliousness, Dizziness, Sick Headache, Upset Stomach and for Sallow, Pimply and Blotchy Skin. They end the misery of Constipation.

Small Pill—Small Dose—Small Price

TEST ZOX FREE

Why endure the misery of Headache or Neuralgia? You can get almost immediate relief with ZOX. **Two Zox Powders Free** if you mention this Journal and enclose 1½d. stamped addressed envelope. ZOX Powders sold by Chemists and Stores in 1/6 and 3/- boxes, or post free from **THE ZOX CO., 11, Hatton Garden, E.C.1**

HEADACHE & NEURALGIA

Company Meeting.

FURNESS, WITHY & CO.

The meeting of Furness, Withy and Co., Ltd., was held on July 30th, at Furness House, E.C.4. Sir Frederick W. Lewis, Bart., presided, and in moving the adoption of the report and accounts, said that a year ago he had not felt justified in holding out any very encouraging hopes of substantial improvement in the succeeding twelve months. There had, as a fact, been no general improvement in trade, and consequently shareholders would be satisfied to see a small increase in the year's profits at £572,442. They could not place that slight improvement to the credit of the ship-owning business, however. Were it not that the Company had a great many diversified interests, it would not have been possible to have achieved that result. It was proposed to make a bonus distribution of 2½ per cent. to the ordinary shareholders, making 7½ per cent. free of tax for the year, transferring £200,000 to depreciation, and carrying forward £216,636. In association with other important British groups, the company had become interested with the Russian authorities in the formation of the Russo-British Grain Export Co., and the export of grain from the Russian Black Sea ports had been revived on a considerable scale. Notwithstanding the comparatively small amount of new tonnage added to the fleet during the past two or three years, the average age of the vessels owned by themselves and their subsidiary companies was between nine and ten years; the average age of the British Mercantile Marine as a whole was, he believed, about 13 years. One of their associated companies had entered into a contract for the construction of a large refrigerated steamer for the South American trade; they had also ordered a new passenger and cargo vessel for the Liverpool-Newfoundland and Boston service. It might be that they were much nearer a trade revival than the present outlook would justify them in believing, but it was still an indisputable fact that trade was considerably short of the volume of 1913, while the available tonnage was considerably in excess of requirements.

The report and accounts were unanimously adopted.

Unburnt Offerings

Smoker's Ninths and Gas Meter Refunds

OUR grateful thanks are due to those readers who have adopted our suggestion that they should exercise a little self-sacrifice in their consumption of tobacco, and bring sunshine into darkened lives, by sending us a "Ninth" of the money they habitually expend in smoke for "The Greatest of These—" Fund.

One of these contributors appropriately describes his gifts under this head as "unburnt offerings." The same term might well be applied to the subscriptions suggested by a sympathiser from Haslemere, Surrey, who writes as follows:

"The gas man came and cleaned the meter to-day. He handed me back a shilling, and I am sending it on to 'The Greatest of These—' Fund. Perhaps other readers will send you the money refunded from their gas meters to help your work among the poor."

WE cordially commend this suggestion to those of our readers who use slot gas meters. Such contributions would indeed be "unburnt offerings," for the money handed back by the collector represents gas which has been paid for in advance and not consumed. If readers would set aside these small sums, which they would never miss, to assist the work of the Fund, the poor souls in distress on whose behalf we appeal each week would benefit greatly. We know of many families so impoverished that even a penny placed in the slot for cooking means so much less food for hungry children.

There are still a number of readers who are sceptical regarding the magic of the "Ninth," though we are glad to see that they do not allow their incredulity to interfere with their charitable instincts. Here is a letter from one of them.

"I AM no believer in the luck of the 'Ninth.' I have on several occasions sent you a 'Ninth' of what was in my pocket. The result has been that my luck, never very good, has got considerably worse. You mention that you have had scores of letters telling you of the good results of giving a 'Ninth,' but you do not mention any cases where luck has got worse. I enclose a further 'Ninth' and hope for the best. Good luck, any way, will come to some poor soul down and out."

This kind contributor had obviously not noticed our reference to sceptical contributors of "Ninths" in a recent issue. Having mentioned his experience, we suggest that he should cultivate the virtue of patience, and commend to his considerations a communication from a subscriber who signs himself "Not Downhearted Yet," as follows:

"Enclosed please find my 'Ninth,' £2. I have had an exceptional run of bad luck, having lost nearly £2,000 in the last two years in business. Strange to say, I had a deal successfully concluded within half an hour of buying the P.O.s enclosed."

Whether your luck changes sooner or later, we believe it will change if you unselfishly contribute your "Ninth" to "The Greatest of These—" Fund.

"Don't hesitate. Do it now!"

Weaknesses of Childhood

Hundreds of weak, fragile nervous children could be made well and strong if their parents only realised the splendid building-up power of Dr. Cassell's Tablets.

Mrs. A. Marsh, of Hanging Bank, Ide Hill, near Sevenoaks, says: "I am writing to thank you for the benefit my little girlie derived from Dr. Cassell's Tablets. She had been under treatment for nearly three months, and was given up. Indeed, we were told that she had only three days to live. She was a mere skeleton. But I felt I would not give in without a final struggle, so I gave her Dr. Cassell's Tablets, and after the second or third dose she sat up and ate bread and milk. Now to see her you would not believe she had been so terribly ill. She has a fat, healthy little face. I wish you could see her, then you would understand me thanking you so much."

Take Dr. Cassell's Tablets for

Nervous Breakdown	Anæmia
Neuritis	Palpitation
Indigestion	Kidney Weakness
Sleeplessness	Children's Weakness
Neurasthenia	Wasting
Nerve Pains	
Headache	

Specially Valuable for Nursing Mothers and During the Critical Periods of Life.

Dr. Cassell's Tablets

Home Price, 1/3; Family Size, 3/-.
Sold by Chemists and Stores throughout the Empire.

"The Greatest of These—"

Registered under the War Charities Act as the JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund. All cheques should be made payable to the Fund, and donations addressed to the Hon. Secretary, at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Every penny that is subscribed to "The Greatest of These—" Fund goes to give help to the needy. All the expenses of administration are borne by JOHN BULL.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

"Not Downhearted Yet," £2; Mrs. Sprott, 1s.; Anon. (Glasgow), 9s.; G. E. H. (Ely), 4s. 6d.; Cymro's 9th, 1s.; E. W. J., 3d.; "Bullets Second," 1s.; H. J. M., 4d.; A Trifle, 6d.; My Ninth, 9d.; G. M. (Avonbridge), 1s.; Bristol, 5½d.; Bob and Vick, 1s. 6d.; "Optimistic 9," 6d.; "Happy," 1s. 6d.; Cymru, 1s. 1½d.; "Window-pane Willie," 1s. 3d.; Mrs. L. Lewington, 1s. 1½d.; Miss E. Hughes, 6d.; H. C., 1s.; J. C., 6d.; "Old Mac," 1s. Another Ninth (Old Trafford), 1s. 7d.; O. L. W., 6d.; E. M. I., 1s. 7d.; Anon., 1s.; Frae Glesca, 9d.; J. D., 9d.; H. R. H. (Hereford), 1s.; Every Little Helps, 2s. 6d.; M. Cooper, 1s. 6d.; A Mother of Eight, 7d.; F. D., 4th 9th, 6d.; "Fungus," 1s.; D. Snowball, 2s.; P. D., 2s. 6d.; W. Fox, 1s. 9d.; "A Ninth," 9d.; "Katie's Dick," 1s. 6d.; M. M., 10d.; "Englander's," 2s.; Ju-Ju, 1s. 4½d.; Harry Nixon, 7s.; Wee Wull, 1s.; E. Jones, 4s.; Swanage, 7½d.; M. R., 3s.; Elgin, 1s.; A Ninth, 7d.; Anon., 1s.; B. A. E., 3d.; D. C. B., 8½d.; From Abee, 1s. 6d.; A. E. Game, 9d.; "Buckshee P.O.," 1s.; E. H. H., 1s. 7½d.; B. T., 1s.; Down but not Out, 3d.; Cardiff, 1st 9th, 1s. 3d.; Mrs. Mutler, parcel; Mrs. Clayton, 2s. 6d. and parcel; "Bullet Prize-winner," 2s. 6d.; M. B. Ellis, 2s.; E. M. Beckett, 1s.; Poor Woman, 9d.; P. Swansea, 1s.; A. S. H., 1s.; R. L. T. (Waterlane), 5s.; Anon., 1s. 6d.; "Beggared Pour Patrie," 4s. 9d.; "C.O.2," 1s. 11d.; "Optimist," 2d.; Poult's Weekly 9th, 1s. 7d.; Wellwisher, 10½d.; Frenchwoman (Toulouse), 2s. 6d.; 2 9ths, E. H., 1s. 3d.; Jeff (Canonbury), 2s. 6d.; Anon., 1s., "Picture Expert," 1s.; Highland Reader, 1s. 1½d.; Anon., 1s. 6d.; Unlucky One, 3s. 3d.; H. R. D., Unemployed, 1s.; G. T., 1s.; St. Cuthbert's, 6d.; Mrs. A. Bridge, 1s. 6d.; 9th of Luck, E. C., 1s. 1½d.; "Ninth," 11d.; "One Who's Had Some," 6d.; N. W. (Battersea), 10d.; P. G.'s Ninth, 1s. 1½d.; Rags, 8d.; My Target, 1s.; E. and P., 1s.; Felix, 1s.; T. L. Skinner, 9s.; J. P. (Dovercourt), 2s.; A. D. W., 1s.; A. T. (Bulwell), 1s.; First Target, 1s.; J. Taylor (Edinburgh), 6s.; F. M. M. (Richmond), £1; A Friend, 6d.; L. Coleman, 1s. 6d.; "The Banks o' Dee," 2s. 6d.; Mrs. E. Oliver, 1s.; M. G., 6d.; "Address Forgotten," 1s. 6d.; Every Little Helps, 6d.; "Marks Man," 1s.; R. Carmichael, 1s.; J. Bain, 1s.; H. L. F., 1s.; Anon., 1s.; Father of Six, 1s.; Fatherless to Fatherless, 6d.; Mrs. H. Spencer, 1s. 2d.; Wellwisher, 4d.; H. E. May, 1s. 1d.; Second 9th, H. W., 1s. 3d.; Regular Reader, 4d.; E. A. Abbott, 1s. 2½d.; "First Ninth," 1s. 3½d.; My "Ninth," 2s. 7½d.; "Smoker's Ninth," 1s.; "A True Cornish Maid," 2s. 6d.; A. W. M. Gorton, 6d.; R. M. (Leeds), 1s. 6d.; A Bullet Trier's 9th, 6d.; T. G., 1s. 0½d.; Poor Woman's Ninth, 1½d.; "J. H. S. Corstophine," 12s. 6d.; "Unlucky One," 7d.; Hard-up, 9d.; Hope's Weekly, 9d.; 9th from Wellwisher, 1s.; H. Royston, 1s. 9d.; Mrs. Love, 6d.; A Prize-winner, 1s. 2d.; "Bodkin's 9th," 9d.; Hopeful, E. H. B., 9d.; A Miner, 1s.; "A Birthday Ninth," 9d.; K. Edwards, 1s.; "Hopeful Ever," £1; "Lord Bless Them All," 9d.; "240907" Beverley, 1s. 5½d.; "Devon Reader," 10d.; "One of the Unemployed," 2d.; "Vernon's Ninth," 3s.; "Shoras," 1s.; "W.," £1; M. H. W., 4s. 4d.; "Share of Dividend," 9d.; Anon., 1s. 6½d.; T. J. Whann, 4s.; L. V., 6d.; "Surprise 9th," 4d.; F. Hodgson, 1s.; H. Wills, 1s.; E. A. Cook, 2s. 6d.

(Many acknowledgments unavoidably held over.)

(Continued from page 27.)

C. D. Patterson, 68, Scottish Provident Buildings, Belfast; A. W. Pike, Hillmoor, Culmstock, Nr. Cullompton, Devon; E. H. Pryor, Cromwell House, Coggeshall, Colchester; Signaller J. R. Raffo, Rhine Signal Co., B.A.O.R., Germany; Mrs. E. F. Roberts, Dol-Awel, Capel Bangor, Aberystwyth; E. Roberts, 66, Dickson Rd., Blackpool; L. T. Roberts, 87, College Av., Gillingham, Kent; D. Rosevear, Assembly Rooms, 16, Downing St., Cambridge; A. Russell, 101, Fore St., Ipswich; A. St. Clair, 31, Coton Cres., Shrewsbury; R. Sharland, 22, Lilley St., Queen's Rd., M/c.; J. Shaw, Windmill Rd., Mortimer, Nr. Reading; Mrs. S. E. Shepherd, Moorland House, Rawtenstall, Lancs.; P. Sidney, 11, London Rd., Blackpool; L. Simpson, 3, Saxon Rd., Southampton; L. M. Sleigh, 2, Glentilt Pl., Belfast; J. H. Smythe, 487, North Woolwich Rd., Silvertown, E.; Miss A. Stanley, 4, Alma Sq., Brooks Bar, M/c.; E. J. Stone, 7, Station Rd., Keyham, Devonport; A. C. Tee, "Pittsburgh," Wormholt Rd., Shepherds Bush, W.; F. W. Thomas, Chester Rd., Eccleston, Chester; L. Tomlinson, 5, Lund St., Blackburn; C. Troubridge, 53, London Rd., Salisbury; A. M. Tucker, Scarswell, Slapton; F. C. Wallis, 2, Walrond St., Streatham, S.W.; W. Warrington, Public Works Office, Valletta, Malta; H. Whittaker, 372, City Rd., London, E.C.; A. M. Williams, 19, Neville Av., Beverley, Yorks.; Mrs. E. Williams, Kineton, Lr. Guiting, Cheltenham; S. J. Wright, 22, Killieser Av., Streatham Hill, S.W.

"BULLETS" RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor is the best Bullet received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.

3. All four Coupons may be used and a postal order enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of, which must be made payable to JOHN BULL, and crossed and Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned.

5. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

6. The Editor's decision on any matters of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

RESULT OF "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 529.

FIRST PRIZE OF £250:

Mr. A. J. MANN,
42, Billington Rd., New Cross, London, S.E.

Example :—A THREAT
Bullet :—"I TREASURE YOUR LETTERS."

SECOND PRIZE OF £100:

Mr. KEITH CARTER, 18, East Road, City Road, N.1.

Example :—MY MONEY
Bullet :—WIFE LOCATES, THEN ALLOCATES.
(Entered on "Target" Prize Coupon.)

THIRD PRIZE OF £50:

Mr. J. HOBBS, 33, Bright Street, Commercial Road, Halifax.

Example :—HOW TO MAKE LOVE
Bullet :—ENDURE—END YOUR JEALOUSIES.

FOURTH PRIZE OF £25:

Mr. E. R. CHALONER, 55, Copperfield Street, Liverpool.

Example :—MY MONEY
Bullet :—REDUCED SHILLING—WIFE'S, TWO.

FIFTH PRIZE £10:

Mr. F. E. SMITH, School House, Bedlington Colliery, Northumberland.

Example :—SEASIDE LANDLADY
Bullet :—SUPPLIES RULES—RULES SUPPLIES.

10 Prizes of £3 each:

G. BELBEN, Dorset House, Carlton Road, Boston.
SEASIDE LANDLADY—PROVIDES MY STEER-WRESTLING ANNUALLY.
(Entered on "Target" Prize Coupon.)
R. CREAN, 65, Palmerston Road, Dublin.
IN FRONT—WEARY TRAVELLER PINNED TICKET.
G. A. GREENWOOD, The Picture House, Hebden Bridge, Yorks.
TIME TO THINK—BUT TOO MUCH, "LAGS."
Mrs. T. HAWKINS, 2, Homestead Road, Caterham, Surrey.
WHY SHE FAINTED—FIDO UNDER LEOPARD RUG.
J. HENDERSON, 28, Ethel Street, Belfast.
IF WIFE'S PRESENT—THEN I "HEAR SERMON."
T. HICK, 29½, Albert Street, York.
ON MY BACK—PIANO—WIFE ASKS TIME.
B. JONES, High Street, Ffynnon Groew, Chester.
WHAT TEACHER SAID—ABSORBED—WHEN COACHING TEAM.
T. LEDIARD, Barnhill Quarry, Chipping Sodbury, Bristol.
PAYS FOR ITSELF—VICAR'S GLANCE DURING COLLECTION.
E. H. MARSHALL, 5, Vivian Terrace, Truro, Cornwall.
A THREAT—STEEL AND TIMBER HOUSES.
W. A. THOMAS, 11, Clarence Place, Stonehouse Plymouth.
KEEPING HOUSE—LODGERS—HUSBAND KEEPING DOLE.

10 Prizes of £2 10s. each:

E. R. DAVIES, 78, Barnsley Street, Wigan.
WHY SHE FAINTED—HUSBAND GRABBED FIRE-IRONS FIRST.
M. A. FARRELL, 17, Townend, Kirkcudbright, N.B.
DELIGHTFUL—EMIGRANT HEARING SCHOOL NICKNAME.
S. GEMSON, 17, North Road, Preston, Lancs.
IF I WERE BOSS—TYPIST'S HAIR MATCHING WIFE'S.
Mrs. T. HAWKINS, 2, Homestead Road, Caterham, Surrey.
AN IMPOSITION—SAME CHOCOLATES, AFTER MARRIAGE.
H. S. JOHNS, 20, Bold Square, Chester.
IN SAME BOAT—IDIOT ASKS "GOING ACROSS?"
H. RENWICK, Spott Place, Dunbar, N.B.
A MOUTHFUL—OTHERWISE DISEASE SEEMS VULGAR.
W. F. STAPLETON, Fernlea, Gander Green Lane, Sutton, Surrey.
ON MY BACK—WIFE WOULD STICK "MARRIED."
H. TOMMEY, 150, Donald Street, Roath, Cardiff.
FUNNY—BOXERS' QUARREL PREVENTING FIGHT.
A. TUNLEY, 13, Sherbourne Road, Sebastopol, Nr. Newport, Mon.
A THREAT—OF SUICIDE, CONTEMPTIBLE CHALLENGE.
F. WILLIAMS, 116, Victoria Park Road, S. Hackney, E.
HER BATHING DRESS—FAILED—HE'D SEEN REVUES.

100 Prize-winners of £1:

R. Adams, 42, Garden Row, Southwark, S.E.; Miss M. Alexander, Gt. Western Hotel, Taunton; J. Attwell, Bledington, Kingham, Oxford; E. Baker High St., Henfield, Sussex; Mrs. K. Banfield, 22, Edward St., Stoneclough, Kearsley, Nr. M/c.; E. Barber, 19, Defoe Cres., Mile End, Colchester; Mrs. E. Barrett, The Barons, Reigate, Surrey; H. Baxter 19, St. Helen's St., Ipswich; Mrs. M. Bedford, "Leasgill," South Molton, Devon; K. D. Bedwell, 55, West St., Deal; R. D. Bell, Eglos, Long-rock, Penzance (awarded two prizes of £1 each); A. Bentley, Ely Cottage, Saddlebow Rd., King's Lynn; E. Biddle, 19, Haringey Grove, Hornsey, N.; A. H. Bird, "Monaville," Chestnut Av., Slough; T. N. Bishop, 136, All Saints Rd., King's Heath, B'ham; L. G. Booth, 77, High St., Goldenhill, Stoke-on-Trent; S. Boyce, 103, Battle Rd., St. Leonards-on-Sea; Miss W. Brawn, "Wee Cott," Bullen St., Thorverton, Devon; J. G. Brewer, 210, Well Hall Rd., Eltham, S.E.; W. J. Britton, 10, Wellington Rd., London, E.; A. J. Brunswick, 24, Scarle Rd., Wembley; T. J. Burchmore, 7, Pickford Rd., Markyate, Dunstable; H. J. Burton, 129, Fairfax Rd., Green Lanes, Hornsey, N.; F. Cole, 14, Mill Bridge, Hertford; J. H. Collins, 187, School Rd., Yardleywood, B'ham; H. Cook, 5, Ludford St., Grimsby; W. Dawson, 87, Busk St., Chadderton, Nr. Oldham; C. E. Doble, 20, Frankfurt Rd., Herne Hill, S.E.; W. G. Dobson, High St., Stokesley, Yorks; J. E. Edgley, Redlands, Vicarage Rd., Chelmsford; F. Etheridge, Squares Quay, Kingsbridge, Devon; J. Faulkner, 111, Elmswood Rd., Birkenhead; W. Fosterjohn, 145, Sherwood St., Nottingham; E. H. Fox, 9, Frederick St., Gray's Inn Rd., London, W.C.; W. Freeman, Newton, Alfreton, Derbys.; Miss E. Fry, 9, Meadow Cottages, Mountfields, Shrewsbury; J. J. Glew, Bromley Hill Court, Bromley; N. Greenhalgh, 16, Naseby Pl., Heaton Park, M/c.; A. Griffiths, c/o Miss Peacock, 17a, Battery Pl., Rothesay, N.B.; W. Hambridge, 18, Newland Pl., Banbury, Oxon.; W. L. Harris, Elm Lea, East St., Littlehampton; W. Harrison, Vicarage Cottage, Haselbury, Nr. Crewkerne, Som.; F. Harrowell, 18, Clarence Rd., Gt. Berkhamsted, Herts.; S. J. Heath, Detention Barrack, Gosport, Hants.; R. Hinde, Chapel Lane, Wilstead, Bedford; H. Hoad, "Melview," Old Shoreham Rd., Brighton; A. Hodges, 24a, Ropewalk Rd., Llanelly; W. B. Horsey, 17, Woburn Rd., Bedford; G. Howell, "Springbank," Mollington, Chester; Miss L. M. Hughes, 6, Derwen Villas, Mold; J. Hunt, 8, St. Helens Rd., Westcliff-on-Sea; G. Ide, 15, Garford St., London, E.; W. Jackson, 13, Reservoir Retreat, Ladywood, B'ham; F. James, 157, Malefant St., Cardiff; B. Johns, 77, Botley Rd., Oxford; G. Johnson, 41, Baring St., Plymouth; F. M. Jones, 1, Victoria Rd., Ebbw Vale, Mon.; H. Jones, 20, Primrose Hill, Port Sunlight; P. W. Jones, Tan Lan, Ffynnon Groew, Nr. Chester; W. King, 23, Newtown, West Lavington, Nr. Devizes; C. M. Laggett, 35, Lorne Rd., Northampton; E. Lamb, 93, Argyll St., Dunoon, N.B.; J. E. Lewis, North House, Dunmow, Essex; Mrs. K. Maclean, Fairview, Cedar Rd., Sutton, Surrey; Miss N. McCrone, 24, Acton St., Middlesbrough; Mrs. McKie, 31, Overdale Rd., Stockhills, Nottingham; Mrs. J. Millar, 4, Kensington Pl., Brighton; A. Mitchell, 10, Glengarry Rd., East Dulwich, S.E.; Miss M. E. Morris, 15, Prince Albert St., Dudley;

(Continued in next column)

(Continued from previous column).

(Continued on page 26)

75 AUGUST HOLIDAY PRIZES 75

'BULLETS' 1ST PRIZE £500

2nd. Prize £100
3rd. Prize £50
4th. Prize £30
5th. Prize £20
100 PRIZES OF £1
10 HOLIDAY PRIZES OF £15
50 HOLIDAY FARES OF £2.2.0
10 HOLIDAY PRIZES OF £10
200 Prizes of 5/- 500 Prizes of 2/6 4,000 Target Prizes

EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" NO. 531.

THE PRINCE'S HOLIDAY
AFTER THE MEETING
SEASIDE KNUT
ROUND THE WORLD
M.P.
CHOOSING HIS PARTNER
HAPPY
AT OUR BOARDING-HOUSE
SPOILT BEAUTY
IMPROVES WITH AGE
IN BRIEF
GOOD FOR TRADE
HOW TO LIVE LONG
UPHILL FIGHT
ROOM FOR EVERYBODY
AMBITIOUS
TURNING BACK
WITHOUT A HUSBAND
FIRST LIE
AT THE AUCTION
WHAT THE BRIDEGROOM SAID
WET OR DRY
AS WE GROW OLDER
HER RETORT
IN MODERATION
WHY HE WINKED
AN ILLUSION
WHILE LOVE LASTS
NO NEED TO ASK
ROUND OF PLEASURE
TOO MUCH MONEY
WHAT IS A HOLIDAY?

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS" — NO LETTER RESTRICTIONS.

Choose any of the *Examples* printed: then give any **Two, Three, or Four Words** having some bearing on the *Example* chosen, each of which can begin with any letter in the alphabet. These specimens will guide you:—

Example:—A DAY AT WEMBLEY — *Bullet*:—FIRM PAYS—PAYS FIRM.
Example:—NEEDING A HOLIDAY — *Bullet*:—"SPOTS" FLOAT BEFORE EYES.
Example:—LOVE AND HATE — *Bullet*:—CHEMIST CATERS FOR BOTH.

ENCLOSE A POSTAL ORDER AT THE RATE OF 6d. FOR EACH COUPON USED.

ADDRESS ALL COUPONS TO "Bullets" No. 531, John Bull, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Closing Date, Thursday, August 14.

Example _____
Bullet _____

Example _____
Bullet _____

(531) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 26. With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d.

Signed _____
Address _____

Closing Date, Thursday, August 14.

Example _____
Bullet _____

Example _____
Bullet _____

(531) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 26. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s.

Signed _____
Address _____

"Bullets" must consist of Two, Three or Four Words.

Closing Date, Thursday, August 14.

Example _____
Bullet _____

Example _____
Bullet _____

(531) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 26 With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d.

Signed _____
Address _____

Closing Date, Thursday, August 14.

Example _____
Bullet _____

Example _____
Bullet _____

531 P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 26, with 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s.

Signed _____
Address _____

If you desire to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

SPECIAL NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES. Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the winners of the three chief "Bullets" Prizes in Competition No. 531 have purchased their copies of "John Bull."

List of 200 Five-Shilling Prize-Winners in "Bullets" Competition No. 529 will be published in next week's "Competitors' Journal." Complete list of Cash and other Prize-winners can be seen at the Offices of "John Bull."

The original cheque for £1,500 awarded to the First Prize-winner in "Bullets" Competition No. 528, can now be seen in the window of Mr. MAXINS, 65, Woodborough Road, Nottingham.

Why crowds are dangerous

Mother—the health doctor

Mothers know dirt, for what it is—and fear it.

They will not tolerate dirty schools, dirty streets, dirty homes or dirty children.

Lifebuoy Health Soap is one of the most widely used soaps in the world because mothers appreciate its scientific protection against the dangers of dirt.

Mothers know that Lifebuoy lather goes down deep into every pore, and removes impurities. They know that Lifebuoy keeps the skin soft, pliable, and glowing with health—that it is bland, pure and soothing to the tenderest skin—even that of a baby.

Buy a carton to-day

Lifebuoy Soap for HEALTH

B 268—24

ON the street—in school—in public places—your children come face to face with disease. The grime they collect on face and hands is mute evidence of countless dangerous contacts.

That grime is not "clean dirt"—but a product of city congestion—containing millions of invisible enemies to health.

What mothers must do

You cannot keep children from this ever-present disease-dirt. But you mothers, the health doctors, can and should do everything possible to prevent its deadly effects. All the health authorities in the world ask your co-operation.

Make sure that your children are really clean when they wash themselves. Ordinary cleanliness is not enough. They need the rich, purifying lather of Lifebuoy with its unique health ingredient to go down deep into the dirt-clogged pores and combat the dangers ever-present in dirt. The pungent, healthful odour of Lifebuoy proves the presence of this extra element.

Because of its rich oils, Lifebuoy is most grateful to youthful, sensitive skins. And many blemishes yield to Lifebuoy's sanative, stimulating action. Men delight in Lifebuoy lather.

Why Lifebuoy leads

But the real reason why Lifebuoy is one of the most widely used soaps in the world is that millions of mothers have proved it to be the health soap. Rely on Lifebuoy. Put a cake of Lifebuoy at every place in the house where hands are washed. Lifebuoy protects health. Lever Brothers Limited, Port Sunlight.

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